THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1564.

Original Poetry.

THE ANVIL, PLOUGH AND LOOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DAVID L. ROATH.

I.

Ye may sing as ye will of your valiant men,
Who rule with the lance and sword;
Ye may talk as ye will of the mighty pen,
Releasing the brain's proud hoard;
But greater, far greater, than either of these,
Is the power of Three in their bloom—
Let the cry gather force as it onward goes,
Hail the Anvil, Plough and Loom!

II.

'Tis brighter than bays on the conqueror's brow,
Hard won in the battle's turmoil,
The glory acquired at Loom, Anvil and Plough,
By the true hearted children of Toil;
A tribute to Labor—a tribute to Worth,
As free as the summer air,
To merit wherever 'tis found on the earth—
A tribute unfading and fair.

III.

Then honor, all honor to those whom we sing,
The sure defence of the land—
From the North to the South let the anthem ring,
To the honest, toiling hand.
Their Era is coming—the glorious day,
When Fame shall her chaplet throw
With a joyful heart and a cheerful lay,
On the Laborer's manly brow!

Augusta, Ga.

Original Novelet.

THE IRON HAND.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

It was within an hour of daylight when Mrs. Howland, worn down by her long vigil, fell asleep, and an hour after the sun had risen, before her troubled slumber was broken. Then, starting up, she eagerly inquired of her husband, who had already arisen, and was walking about the room, if Andrew had yet returned. Mr. Howland merely shook his head.

Soon after breakfast was announced, and the family assembled at the table; but one place was vacant.

"Where is Andrew?" asked Mary.

No answer was made to this question, and Mary saw, by the expression of her parents' faces, that to repeat it would not be agreeable. A few moments afterwards the bell rung. As the steps of a servant were heard moving along the passage towards the door, Mr. and Mrs. Howland sat listening in breathless expectation. Soon the servant came down and said that a man wished to see Mr. Howland.

At this word the latter started up from the table, and left the room. At the street door he found a man, whose appearance indicated his attachment to the police of the city.

"Mr. Howland?" said he, respectfully, yet with the air of a man who had something not very agreeable to communicate.

"That is my name," replied Mr. Howland, striving, but in vain, to assume an air of unconcern.

"You are wanted at the Mayor's office," said the policeman.

"For what purpose?" was inquired.

"Your son is before his Honor, on a charge of attempting to set fire to a row of new buildings last night."

At this intelligence, Mr. Howland uttered an exclamation of distress, and, stepping back a pace or two, leaned heavily against the wall.

"Well! What is wanted with me?" asked the unhappy father, recovering himself, after a few moments.

"To go his bail," replied the officer. "The Mayor demands a thousand dollars bail, in default of which, he will have to go to prison and there await his trial."

"Let him go to prison!" said Mr. Howland, in a severe tone of voice. He was beginning to regain his self-possession.

"No, Andrew!" came firmly from the lips of Mrs. Howland, who had followed her husband, unperceived, to the door, and who had heard the dreadful charge preferred against her son. "Don't say that! Go and save him from the disgrace and wrong that now hangs over his head—and go quickly!"

"Yes, Mr. Howland," said the officer, "your lady is right. You should not let him go to prison. That will do him no good. And, moreover, he may be innocent of the crime laid to his charge."

"He must be innocent. My boy has many faults, but he would not be guilty of a crime like this," said Mrs. Howland. "Oh, Mr. Howland! go! go quickly and save him from these dreadful consequences. If you do not, I must fly to him. They shall not imprison my poor boy!"

"This is folly, Esther!" returned Mr. Howland, severely. "He has got himself, by his bad conduct, into the hands of the law, and it will do him good to feel its iron grip. I am clear for letting him, at least go to prison, and remain there for a few days. By that time he will be sick enough of his folly."

"I would not advise this," suggested the officer. "Depend upon it, if his present position is of no avail towards working change for the better, sending him to prison will harden rather than reform him."

"Andrew!" said Mrs. Howland, with a firmness and decision of tone that marked a high degree of resolution on her part—"if you do not go his bail, I will find some person who will."

"Esther!" The offended husband fixed a look of stern rebuke upon his wife, but her large eyes looked steadily into his, and he saw in them, not rebellion or anger; but a spirit that his own heart told him instinctively, it would be folly for him to oppose. That look determined his action.

"I'll go with you," said he, after pausing a few moments, turning to the officer as he spoke.

The charge brought against Andrew by the watchman, was an intention to set fire to the buildings in which he found him. Several unfinished houses had been burned of late, and there was some excitement in the public mind thereat. Had it not been for this, Andrew might have made his way into the building where he intended to sleep, without, in all probability, attracting attention. Unfortunately for him, a few matches were found in one of his pockets. This fact, added to his attempt to escape, and the rather exaggerated statement of the watchman, caused the Mayor to look upon the case as one that ought to go before the Court. He accordingly decided to require an appearance, under bail.

Not a word was spoken to Andrew by his stern father, on the arrival of the latter at the Mayor's office. Mr. Howland looked at the evidence which went to support the charge of intended incendiarism against his son, and to his mind, prejudiced as it was against that son, the evidence was conclusive. [illegible] the watchman's eyes had seen rather more, than, in reality, was to be seen, and his testimony was strongly colored.

The required security given, Mr. Howland, without turning towards his son, or speaking to him, left the office.

"You can go home, young man," said the Mayor, addressing Andrew.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the unhappy boy, in a distressed tone. "I am not guilty of this thing. Father turned me from the door because I was not home at ten o'clock, and I had no place to sleep."

"Disobedience to parents ever brings trouble," replied the Mayor, in a voice of admonition. "Go home and try to behave better in future. If innocent, you will no doubt be able to make it so appear when your trial comes on before the Court."

Slowly the lad arose, and with a troubled and downcast look, retired from the office.

"Where is Andrew?" eagerly asked the mother, as Mr. Howland entered the house, after returning from the errand upon which he had gone.

"I left him at the Mayor's office," was coldly replied.

"Did you go his bail?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't he come home with you?"

"I didn't ask him."

"Andrew!"

Mr. Howland started at the tone of voice with which his name was pronounced. Again there was an expression in the eyes of his wife that subdued him.

"I gave bail for his appearance at Court, and then came away. He will, no doubt, be home in a few minutes," he replied. "But, I do not wish to hold any intercourse with him; for he has disgraced both himself and me."

"Is he not your son?" asked the mother, solemnly.

"He is not a son worthy of affection and regard."

"Andrew! when the sons of men wandered far away from God, and broke all His laws, did He turn from them as you have turned from this erring boy? No! All day long He stretched forth His hands to them, and said in a voice full of an infinite kindness—'Return unto Me; why will ye die?' It is not Godlike to be angry at those who sin against us; but, Godlike to draw them back with cords of love from error. Oh, Andrew! you have wronged this boy!"

"Esther! I will not hear the utterance of such language from any one!" exclaimed Mr. Howland, whose imperious nature could ill brook an accusation like this.

"I have uttered only what I believe to be true," answered the wife, in a milder tone, yet with a firmness that showed her spirit to be unsubdued. No further words passed between them. Half-an-hour afterwards, up to which time Andrew had not come home, Mr. Howland left the house and went to his place of business.

Time passed on until nearly noon, and yet Andrew was still away. Mrs. Howland, whose mind was in a state of strong excitement, could bear her suspense and fear no longer, and she resolved to go out and seek for her wandering son. She had dressed herself, and was just tying her bonnet, as the door of her room opened, and Andrew came in, looking pale and distressed. Across his forehead was a deep, red mark, the scar left by the wound received when he fell on the pavement, in his attempt to escape from the watchman.

"My son!" exclaimed Mrs. Howland, in a voice that thrilled the poor boy's heart—for it was full of sympathy and tenderness—and then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Overcome by this reception, Andrew wept aloud. As soon as he could speak, he said—

"Indeed, indeed, mother! I am innocent.—You wouldn't let me in last night, and I was going to sleep in the building, when the watchman came and said I meant to set it on fire. I'm bad enough, mother; but not so wicked as that. Why should I set a house on fire?"

"I didn't believe it for a moment, Andrew," replied Mrs. Howland. "But, oh! isn't it dreadful?"

"I'm not to blame, mother," said the weeping boy. "I didn't mean to stay out later than ten. But I was deceived in the time. I was a good way off when the clock struck, and I ran home as fast as I could. I'm sure it wasn't ten minutes after when I rung the bell. But nobody would let me in; not even you, mother—and I thought so hard of that!"

With what a pang did those last words go through the heart of Mrs. Howland.

"I wanted to let you in," replied the mother, "but your father said that I must not do so."

"And so you left me to sleep in the streets," said the boy, with much bitterness. "I couldn't have turned a dog off in that way!"

"Don't, don't speak so, Andrew! You will break my heart!" returned the mother, sobbing. "I did open the door for you, but you were not there."

"I knocked and rung a good while."

"I know. But I had to wait until your father was asleep. Then I went down, but it was too late."

"Yes—yes, it was too late," said Andrew, speaking now in a firmer voice. "And it is too late now. I am to be tried as a felon, and, it may be, will be sent to the State Prison. Oh, dear!"

And he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed.

What little comfort she had to offer her unhappy child, was offered by Mrs. Howland. But few rays of light came through the heavy clouds that enveloped both of their hearts.

At dinner-time, Andrew declined meeting his father at the table.

"Go and tell him," said the unyielding man, when the servant who had been sent to his room to call him to dinner, came back and said that he did not wish to come down, "that he cannot have a mouthful to eat unless he comes to the table."

"No, no, Andrew—don't say that!" quickly spoke Mrs. Howland.

"I do say it, and I mean it," replied Mr. Howland, fixing his eyes rebukingly upon his wife.

Mrs. Howland answered nothing. But her purpose to stand between her unrelenting husband and wandering son, was none the less fixed; and in her countenance Mr. Howland read this distinctly. Accordingly, as soon as the latter had left the house, she took food to Andrew, who still remained in his room, at the same time that she expressed to him her earnest wish that he would meet the family at the tea table in the evening.

"I don't want to meet father," he replied to this. "He will only frown upon me."

"He is, of course, very much fretted at this occurrence," said the mother. "And you cannot much wonder at it, Andrew."

"He is more to blame than I am," was answered, in an indignant tone.

"Don't speak of your father in that way, my son," said the mother, a gentle reproof in her voice.

"I speak as I feel, mother. Is it not so?"

An argument on this subject Mrs. Howland would not hold with her boy, and she therefore changed it; but she did not cease her appeals to both his reason and his feelings, until he yielded to her wishes. At supper time he joined the family at table—it was his first meeting with his father since the morning. Oh, what an [illegible] did he feel for a kind reception from his stern parent! It seemed to him that such a reception would soften every thing hard and rebellious, and cause him to throw himself at his feet, and make the humblest confession of error, and the most truthful promises of future well doing. Alas for the repentant boy! No such reception awaited him. His father did not so much as turn his eyes upon his son, and, during the meal, maintained a frigid silence. Andrew eat but a few mouthfuls. He had no appetite for food. On leaving the table, he went into one of the parlors, whither he was followed, in a little while, by his younger brother, Edward, who was, by nature, almost as hard and unsympathizing as his father. It was the first time, on that day, that the two boys had been alone.

"Set a house on fire!" said Edward, in a half-sneering, half-contemptuous, tantalizing voice.

"If you say that again, I'll knock you down!" fell sharply from the lips of Andrew, in whom his father's repulsive coldness was beginning to awaken bad feelings.

"Set a house on fire!" repeated Edward, in a tone still more aggravating.

The words had scarcely left his tongue, ere the open hand of his brother came along side of his head, with a force that knocked him across the room. At this instant Mr. Howland entered. He made no inquiry as to the cause of the blow he saw struck, but took it for granted that it was an unprovoked assault of Andrew upon his brother. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, he caught the former by the arm, in a fierce grip, and struck him, with his open hand, as he had struck his brother, repeating the blow three or four times.

Andrew neither shrunk from the blows, cried out, nor offered the smallest resistance, but stood firmly, until his incensed father had satisfied his outraged feelings.

"You forget, I suppose, that I could strike also," said the latter, angrily, when he released his son from the tight grasp with which he held him.

"No, sir," replied Andrew, with a calmness that surprised, yet still more incensed his father; "I thought nothing about it. I punished Edward as he deserved; and if he says to me what he did just now, will repeat the punishment, if it cost me my life."

"Silence!" cried Mr. Howland.

"I said nothing but the truth," spoke up Edward.

"What did you say?" inquired the father.

"I told him that he'd set a house on fire."

"And lied when he said it," calmly and deliberately spoke Andrew.

"Silence! I'll have no such language in my presence!" angrily retorted Mr. Howland.

"It is bad enough to be accused falsely by a lying policeman," said Andrew; "but to have the charge repeated by my own brother is more than I can or will bear. And I warn Edward, in your presence, not to try the experiment again. If he does, he will not escape so lightly."

"Silence, I say!"

Andrew remained silent.

"Edward, leave the room," said Mr. Howland. There was little sternness in his voice, as he thus spoke to his favorite boy.

The lad retired. For several minutes Mr. Howland walked the floor, and Andrew, who had seated himself, waited in a calm, defiant spirit, for him to renew the interview. It was at length done in these words—

"What do you expect is to become of you, sir?"

Not feeling inclined to answer such an interrogation, Andrew continued silent.

"Say!" repeated the father, "what do you think is to become of you?"

Still the boy answered not a word.

"Under bail to answer for a crime—"

"Which I never committed—nor designed to commit!" spoke up Andrew, quickly, interrupting his father, and fixing his eyes upon him with an unflinching gaze.

"It is easy to make a denial. But, the evidence against you is positive."

"The evidence against me is a positive lie!" was Andrew's indignant response.

"I won't be talked to in this way!" said Mr. Howland, in an offended tone. "No son of mine shall insult me!"

"A strange insult to a father, for a son to declare himself innocent of a crime falsely laid to his charge," replied Andrew, with a strong rebuke in his voice. "A true father would be glad—"

"Silence!" again fell harshly from the lips of Mr. Howland. "Silence, I say! I will hear no such language from a son of mine!"

Without a word, Andrew arose, and, retiring from the room, took up his hat and left the house, the relation between him and his father by no means in a better position than it was before. Within a few minutes of ten o'clock the boy returned, and, being admitted, went up to his room without joining the family.

On the next morning, one or two of the daily papers contained an account of Andrew's arrest, with his father's name, and all the particulars of the transaction. Any one reading this account, with the reporters' comments, could not help believing that Andrew was a desperate bad boy, and undoubtedly guilty, in design, of incendiarism.

"See what a disgrace you have brought upon us!" exclaimed Mr. Howland, flinging a paper, containing this mortifying intelligence, in the face of his son.

The boy took up the paper, and read the paragraph referred to with a burning cheek. He made no remark, but sat for some time in a state of profound abstraction. No one guessed the thoughts that were passing through his mind, nor the utter hopelessness that was lying, with a heavy weight, upon his spirit. Before him was the image of Emily. She had seen him, with his blood-disfigured face, in the hands of the watchman; and now, she would see this slanderous story, and, what was worse, believe it!

Some two hours subsequently, while walking along the street, Andrew perceived Emily, within a few paces of him. He looked her steadily in the face, and saw that she saw him; for a quick flush overspread her countenance. But averting her eyes, she passed him without a further sign of recognition.

At night-fall, the boy did not return to his home.

Anxiously did the time pass with Mrs. Howland until ten o'clock, and yet he was away. Eleven—twelve—one o'clock, pealed on the ear of the watching mother, but he came not. It was all in vain that her husband remonstrated with her. His words passed her unheeded; and she remained waiting and watching, until near the hour of morning; but her waiting and watching were all in vain.

Two days passed—yet there came no tidings of the absent boy. On the third day, Mrs. Howland received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have left my home—forever! What is to become of me, I do not know. But, I can remain with you no longer. Father treats me like a dog—or worse than a dog; and he has never treated me much better. I have tried to do right a great many times; but it was of no use. The harder I tried to do right, the more he found fault with me. He was always blaming me for something I didn't do. It is all a lie of the watchman's about my setting the house on fire. Such a thing never entered my mind. Father wouldn't let me in, and I had no place to sleep. [illegible] for me at the Mayor's office. So it's all he said that I am to be tried before the Court. But, I'm not going to be sent to the Penitentiary. Father is my bail for a thousand dollars. I shall be sorry if he has to pay it; but, it will be better for him to do that, than for me to go to the Penitentiary for nothing. So, good-by, mother. I love you! You have always been good to me. If father had been as good, I would have been a better boy. Don't grieve about me. It's better that I should leave home. You'll all be happier. If I ever return to you, I will be different from what I am now. Farewell, mother! Don't forget me. I will never forget you. Don't grieve about me. The thought of that troubles me the most. But, it is better for me to go away, mother—better for us all. Farewell.

"ANDREW."

CHAPTER X.

A year elapsed before any tidings of the wanderer came. Then, Mrs. Howland received a few lines from him, dated in a Southern city, where he spoke of having just arrived from South America. He had little to say of himself, beyond that he was well; and did not speak of visiting home.

After reading this letter, Mrs. Howland placed it in the hands of her husband, who read it also, and then gave it back without a remark. He checked an involuntary sigh as he did so. Not the slightest reference was made to him by the boy; a fact that he did not overlook, and that he did not observe without a sense of disappointment. The long absence of his wayward boy had softened his feelings towards him; and, with pain he remembered every note of harshness that now seemed to have in them too much of the element of severity. At the term of the Court which was held soon after Andrew went away, the Grand Jury failed to obtain sufficient evidence to justify the finding of a bill against him, and released the security given for his appearance at Court. This fact, with a previous questioning of the policeman by whom Andrew had been arrested, satisfied Mr. Howland that the boy had been unjustly suspected of an intention to commit a crime. But this conviction had come too late. The effects of that unjust accusation had already fallen in sad consequences upon the head of the poor boy; and the father could not force from his mind the painful conviction that he was, mainly, responsible for those consequences.

Another year went by, but during all the time, no further tidings came of Andrew. To his first letter, Mrs. Howland had immediately replied, urging him, by every tender consideration, to return to his home. But she had no means of knowing whether it had ever been received. Upon her the effect of his absence had been, for a time, of the most serious character. For a few weeks after he went away, both body and mind were prostrated; to this succeeded a state of mental depression, which continued so long that her friends began to fear for her reason. Not until after the lapse of a year, when she received the above-mentioned letter from her son, did her mind attain to anything like its former state. The knowledge that he was yet alive, and that he thought of her, and still cherished her memory, gave a new impulse to her fainting spirit, and a quicker motion to the circle of life. There was yet room to hope for him. But, as time went on, and there came not back even a faint echo to the voice she had sent after him, her heart failed her again. Yet, time, which imparts strength to all in trouble, had done its work for her also. The care and labor that ever attends the mother's position among her children, had bent her thoughts so much away from Andrew, that, while his absence left a constant weight upon her feelings, it did not crush them down as before, into a wearisome depression.

The second year of Andrew's absence came to a close; but nothing further was heard from him. And it was the same with the third, fourth, and fifth years. In the meantime, there had been many changes in Mr. Howland's family. Mary had married against her father's wishes, and both herself and husband had been so unkindly treated by him on the occasion and afterwards, that neither of them visited at his house.

Henry Markland, the husband of Mary, had been rather a gay young man, and this, with some other things which had come to his ears, created a prejudice in the mind of Mr. Howland against him. As to what was good in Markland, and likely to overbalance defects, he did not inquire. The hue of his prejudice colored every thing. Men like Mr. Howland, who seek to bend every thing into forms suited to their own narrow range of ideas, are rarely successful in attaining their ends. The principle of freedom is too deeply interwoven with all the tissues of the human mind to admit of this. From earliest infancy there is a reaction against arbitrary power; and those who are wise, have long since discovered that it is a much easier task to lead than force the young into right ways. Those who would truly govern children, must first learn to govern themselves. Let a parent break his own imperious will before he tries to break the will of his child; and he will be far more successful in the work he essays to perform. But not so had Mr. Howland learned his duty in life. Without being aware of the fact, he was a domestic tyrant, and sought to establish a family despotism. And the worst of the whole was, he did nearly all this work in the name of religion! Not that he was a hypocrite. No—Mr. Howland was sincere in his professions of piety. But he was a narrow-minded man, and did much in the name of religion that in no way harmonized with its true character. His faith was a blind faith, and he sacrificed to the god of his imagination in the unyielding spirit of a dehumanizing superstition. Of necessity, he marred every thing upon which he sought to impress the form of his own mind.

Erroneous judgment of others is almost certain to mark the conclusions of such a man's mind; and it is no wonder that Mr. Howland erred in his conclusions respecting the true character of his daughter's husband, who had in him many good qualities, and was sincerely attached to Mary. The great defect appertaining to him, was the fact that he was not a church member. Mr. Howland did not look past the veil of a profession, to see if there was in the ground work of the young man's character, a basis of right principles, the only true foundation upon which a religious structure can be built. Because he did not belong to the church, and make an open profession, he classed him with the irreligious, and considered him as one whose feet were moving swiftly along the road to destruction.

And so, instead of wisely seeking to win the confidence of the young man, that he might gain an influence over him for good, Mr. Howland, offended because his daughter could not obey him in a matter so vital to her happiness, angrily repulsed and insulted both of them, even after he saw that a marriage was inevitable. The consequence was, as has been mentioned, that Markland, who possessed an independent spirit, would not go to the house of his father-in-law; and Mary, resenting the wanton attacks that had been made upon her husband's feelings in more than one or two instances, absented herself also. Mr. Howland, however much he might regret the hardness of his unavailing opposition, was not the man to yield any thing; and so, the breach remained open, in spite of all the grieving mother's efforts to heal it.

Of all his children, Mr. Howland saw most to hope for in Edward, who early perceived it to be his best policy to humor his father, and, by that means, gain the ends he had in view. Cold in his temperament, he was generally able to control himself in a way to deceive his father as to the real motives that were in his heart. Thus, while Mr. Howland, by his peculiar treatment of his children, drove some of them off, he made of this one a hypocrite.

Not the smallest affection existed between Edward and the other children, who knew too well the selfish and evil qualities that lay concealed beneath an exterior of propriety put on especially for his father's eyes. The mother, too, saw beneath the false exterior assumed by her son, who treated her, except when his father was present, with little respect or affection.

Martha, the youngest, was a sweet tempered girl, who had managed to keep, as a general thing, beyond the sphere of antagonism that marked the intercourse of the other children.—To her mother, as she grew up, she proved a source of comfort; and she could, at almost any time, dispel by her smiles the cloud that too often rested on the brow of her austere father.

On reaching his seventeenth year, Edward had been placed in a store by his father, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of mercantile affairs. A young man in this position, if he have any ambition to make his way in the world, soon gets his mind pretty well filled with money-making ideas, and sees the way to wealth opening in a broad vista before him. Every day he hears about this, that, and the other one, who started in business but a few years before, with little or no capital, and who are now worth their tens of thousands; and he thus learns to aspire after wealth, without being made to feel sensibly the fact, that the number who grow rich rapidly, are as one to a hundred compared with those who succeed as the result of small beginnings united with long continued and untiring application.—Long before Edward reached his twenty-first year, he had so fully imbibed the spirit of the atmosphere in which he breathed, that his mind was made up to go into business for himself as soon as he attained his majority. This idea Mr. Howland sought to discourage in his son; but Edward never gave it up. Soon after he was twenty-one, an offer to go into a business, that promised a large return, was made, provided a few thousand dollars capital could be furnished. Not a moment did Edward rest, until he had prevailed upon his father, ever too ready to yield a weak compliance to the wishes of this son, to place in his hands the amount of money required. To do this, was, at the time, no easy matter for Mr. Howland, whose own business was far from being as good as usual, and whose pecuniary affairs were not in the most easy condition. Six thousand dollars was the amount of capital he was obliged to raise, and it was not accomplished without considerable sacrifice.

Edward and his partner were what are usually called "enterprising young men," and they drove ahead in the business they had undertaken at a kind of railroad speed, calculating their profits at an exceedingly high range. It is not surprising, that, by the end of the first year, they required a little more capital to help them through with their engagements, the furnishing of which fell upon Mr. Howland, who, in the emergency, passed his notes to the new firm for several thousand dollars.

It is not our purpose to trace, step by step, the progress of this young man in the work of ruining his father and disgracing himself by dishonest practices in business. Enough, that in the course of three years, the "enterprising young men," who made, from the beginning such rapid strides toward fortune, found their course suddenly checked, and themselves involved in hopeless bankruptcy. But, with themselves rested not the evil consequences of failure; others were included in the disaster, and, among them Mr. Howland, who was so badly crippled as to be obliged to call his creditors together, and solicit a reduction and extension of the claims they held against him. To Mr. Howland, this was a crushing blow. He was not only a man who strictly regarded honesty in his dealings, but he was proud of his honesty, and, in his pride, had often been harsh in his judgment of others when in circumstances similar to those in which he was now placed. To be forced to ask of his creditors both a reduction and an extension, humiliated him to a degree, that, for a time, almost deprived him of the power of doing business. From that time, there was a perceptible change in the man of iron. His tall, erect form seemed to shrink downwards; his head bent toward his bosom, and the harsh lines on his brow and around his too tightly closed lips, grew softer. His indignation against Edward was so great, when he finally comprehended the character of the transactions in which he had been engaged, involving as they did a total absence of integrity, that he turned his back upon him angrily, saying, as he did so—

"Never come into my presence again, until you come an honest man!"

On the day after this utterance of the father's indignant feelings, Edward left the city; and, it was the opinion of many, that he went with a pocket full of money. They were not far wrong.

Thus, of all his children, only the youngest remained with Mr. Howland. All the rest were estranged from him: and, in spite of all his efforts to push the conviction from his mind, he could not help feeling that he was to blame for the estrangement.

CHAPTER XI.

Nearly eight years from the time Andrew Howland left his home have passed, and we now bring him before the reader as a discharged United States dragoon, having just concluded a five years' service in the far West. He had enlisted, rather than steal, at a time when he found it impossible to obtain employment, and had gone through the hard and humiliating service of a trooper on our extreme frontier, under an assumed name, omitting to write home during the entire period, lest by any chance a knowledge of his position might be communicated to his mother, and (her memory had never faded,) to Emily Winters. The images of these two, the only ones he loved in the world, were green in his bosom. They were drawing him homeward with a force of attraction that grew stronger and stronger as the end of his service approached. Nearly three years had elapsed since he had met any one recently from the East who was able to answer, satisfactorily, the few inquiries he ventured to make; and now, he was all impatience to return.

Steadily, for a long time, had the young man looked forward to this period; and, in order to have the means of affecting a thorough change in his external appearance, and to be able to support himself after his return East, until he obtained some kind of employment, he had left nearly all his pay in the hands of the disbursing officer. It now amounted to nearly two hundred dollars.

It was in Santa Fe that Andrew obtained his discharge from the United States service. This was soon after the conclusion of the peace with Mexico, and about the time when the first exciting news came of golden discoveries on the tributaries of the Sacramento.

On the day after Andrew received his discharge, and while making preparations for his journey Eastward, a company, in which were several new recruits arrived from the Wachita. Among these he discovered a young man from P——, to whom he put the direct question.

"Do you know a Mr. Howland of your city?"

"Andrew Howland, the merchant?" inquired the young man, who was not over twenty-one years of age.

"Yes," returned Andrew, in a tone of affected indifference.

"His store is in the same block with my father's."

"Indeed! What is your father's name?"

The young man's eyes fell to the ground, and his face became overspread with crimson.

"Winters," he replied, at length recovering himself.

Andrew turned partly away to conceal the sudden emotion this intelligence had created. Restoring his feelings with a vigorous effort, he lifted his eyes to the countenance of the young man, and at once recognized in him the brother of Emily. Restraining the eagerness he felt to press many questions, Andrew asked him about his journey from the last military post, and, after passing a number of matters to which he scarcely listened, said—

"How long is it since you left P——?"

"About six months," replied young Winters.

"Do your friends know where you are?"

"No, indeed! Nor would I have them. So, please bear that in mind. I answered your question almost on the spur of the moment."

"Do you know any thing about Mr. Howland or his family?" asked Andrew, without seeming to notice the young man's remark.

"Nothing very particular, only, that the old gentleman failed in business about a year ago."

"Ah! How came that?"

"His son Edward broke him up."

"His son Edward?"

"Yes. The old man set him agoing in business; but he soon ran himself under, and his father into the bargain. He made a terrible bad failure of it."

"Who?"

"Edward Howland. He went off, soon after, and, they do say, carried his pockets full of money. And I imagine there is some truth in it. He wasn't exactly the clear grit. Some people called him a smooth-faced hypocrite, and, I guess, they were not very far wrong."

Andrew asked no more questions for some time, but sat, thoughtful, with his face so far turned away from the young man, that its expression could not be seen.

"Mrs. Howland is living, I presume?" said he at length, in a tone as indifferent as he could assume; but which was, nevertheless, unsteady.

"Yes. She was living when I came away."

Andrew drew a quick breath, and then his laboring chest found relief in a long expiration.

"Poor old man! I'm sorry for him," came from his lips a few moments afterwards. The tone was half indifferent, yet expressed some sympathy.

"Everybody seems sorry for him," said Winters. "It has broken him down very much. He looks ten years older."

"Is he entirely out of business?" asked Andrew.

"No; he is still going on; but he doesn't appear to do much. I think the family is poor. They've sold their handsome house, and are living in a much smaller one. I heard father say that Mr. Howland had received an extension from his creditors, but that he was too much crippled to be able to go through, and would, in the end, break down entirely."

There was another pause, and then Andrew changed the subject by asking the young man something about himself, and led on the conversation, from step to step, until he got him to mention the fact that he had a sister named Emily.

"Is she older than yourself?" inquired Andrew.

"Oh, yes. Some four years older," was replied.

"Married, of course," said Andrew.

The very effort he made to say this with seeming unconcern, gave so unnatural an expression to his tone of voice, that young Winters looked at him with momentary surprise.

"No, she is not married," he answered.

"She's old enough," said Andrew, speaking now in a tone of more real indifference.

"Yes; but she'll probably die an old maid. She's had two or three good offers; but, no one appears just to suit her fancy. Father was very angry about her rejecting a young man some two or three years ago, who afterwards disgraced himself, and broke the heart of a young creature who had been weak enough to marry him."

"Then I should say that your sister was a sensible girl," remarked Andrew, in a cheerful voice.

"Yes, she is a sensible girl; and, what is more, a good girl. Ah, me! I wish I were half as sensible and half as good."

With what a free motion did the heart of Andrew beat after receiving this intelligence!

"Is Mary Howland married?" he asked. He knew that she was, for he had seen the fact noticed in a newspaper.

"Yes; she married a Mr. Markland."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know much about him. He's a teller in one of the banks."

"How did the family like her marriage?"

"Not at all. They don't visit."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Dear knows! Old Mr. Howland is a hard sort of a man when he takes up a prejudice against any one. He didn't like Markland, and said that Mary shouldn't marry him. She felt differently, and did marry him. The consequence was, that the old man said and did so much that was offensive, that he and Markland have had no intercourse since."

"Mary comes home, I suppose?"

"I rather think not. I believe that she and her father have not spoken in two years. At least so I heard sister once say."

"That is bad! Poor man! He is unfortunate with his children."

Andrew, as he spoke, felt that he was unfortunate, and an emotion of pity stirred along the surface of his feelings.

"Indeed he is!" said Winters, who was disposed to be communicative. "But, I presume, it is a good deal his own fault. They say that his harsh treatment drove his oldest son from home."

"Ah?"

"Yes. He was a wild sort of a boy, and his father didn't show him any mercy. The consequence was, that instead of leading him into the right way, he drove him into the wrong way.—He ran off from home a great while ago, and has never been heard from since. It is thought that he is dead. I once heard father say that, with all his faults, he was the best of the bunch."

Something interrupted the conversation of the two young men at this point, and they separated. A couple of hours afterwards, as Andrew walked along one of the streets of Santa Fe, musing over the intelligence he had gleaned from young Winters, a fellow soldier, whose time of service had also just expired, met him, and said,

"You're not going back to the States, are you?"

"Such has been my intention," replied Andrew.

"I'm not going."

"I thought you were."

"I've altered my mind. A party sets off to-morrow for the gold regions of California, and I'm going with them."

"Indeed! That's a sudden change of resolution. But you don't believe all the stories you hear of this El Dorado?"

"No, not all of them. But if even the half be true, there's a golden harvest to be reaped by all who put in the sickle."

"Yes, the half is encouraging enough," said Andrew, in a tone of abstraction. The fact is, since he had heard from home, his desire to return immediately was lessened. News of his father's altered circumstances had softened his feelings towards him very much, and created a strong desire to aid him in the extremity to which he had been reduced. But he had no ability to do this. All he possessed in the world was about two hundred dollars, and it would take at least half of this to pay his passage home. Already had his thoughts been reaching Westward, as the only point where, by any possibility, he could better his fortunes to an extent that would enable him to help his father. But there was so much of apparent romance in the stories that reached his ears, that he had many strong doubts as to even the main facts reported.

"You'd better join us," remarked the comrade.

"How many are going?" inquired Andrew.

"Seven. And we'd very much like to add you to the number."

"I'm really half-inclined to go with you," said Andrew, speaking with a good deal of animation in his voice.

"You'll never regret it," said the other.—"Not only are the stories about an abundance of gold authentic, but I have good reasons for believing that the half has not been told. I talked with a man last night, who says that he knows of several instances where lumps of the precious metal, weighing several pounds, have been picked up. One man collected ten thousand dollars' worth of lumps of pure gold in a week."

"That's a large story," replied Andrew, smiling.

"Perhaps so; but it is not all a fabrication. At any rate, I am off to this region, and my advice to you is, to join our little party."

"When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"I'll think about it," said Andrew Howland.

"You must think quickly," was answered.—"There is no time to spare. It is but two hours to nightfall; and we are to be in the saddle by sunrise. So, if you conclude to join our party, you have but small space left for preparation."

Andrew stood with his eyes upon the ground for nearly a minute; then looking up, he said, in a firm voice—

"I will go."

"And, my word for it, you'll never repent the decision. Gathering up lumps of gold by the peck, is a quicker way to fortune, than dragooning it at five dollars a month—ha!"

"My anticipations lie within a much narrower circle than yours," was quietly answered to this; "but one thing is certain, if gold is to be had in California for the mere digging, you may depend on Andrew Howland getting his share of the treasure."

"That's the spirit, my boy!" said the other, clapping him on the shoulder,—"the very spirit of every member of our little party. And if we don't line our pockets with the precious stuff, it will be because none is to be found."

On the next morning, Andrew Howland started on his long and perilous journey for the region of gold, with a new impulse in his heart, and a hope in the future, such as, up to this time, he had never known. But it was not a mere selfish love of gold that was influencing him. He was acted on by a nobler feeling.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Pictures of Life.

THE MORMON PROPHET.

(FOUNDED ON A RECENT FACT.)

FROM SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

One lovely day, at noon, in August, 1850, the inhabitants of the little village of R——, in Lincolnshire, were unusually astir. Groups of men and boys in working attire might have been seen collected here and there. Women lingered on the threshold of their dwellings, unwilling, by an attention to their domestic avocations, to lose one iota of that piquant dish, called scandal, which "in every age, in every clime," appears so well to suit the feminine palate. The appearance of two strange horsemen, approaching this out-of-the-way village, slightly disturbed the attention of our rustic *dramatis personae*, until now wholly engrossed with a more immediate object of interest. Let us follow the example of the good people of R——, and take a glance at their physiognomy and appearance.—The elder of these equestrians possessed a visage at once striking and unprepossessing. Intellect marred by low cunning—fanaticism mingled with, if not overpowered by, hypocrisy—lips that vainly endeavored to curb an habitual contemptuous smile—eyes now flashing with scornful pride, now raised to Heaven with an air of assumed humility,—such were the prevailing characteristics of his countenance. His dress, without being remarkable for singularity, was arranged more for effect than in accordance with the prevailing fashion of the day. His companion formed a pleasing contrast to this repelling visage. He was young and handsome; his features were expressive of good nature than common sense, and he evidently appertained to a class common enough in agricultural districts, wealthy gentlemen-farmers.

"Dreaming still of the beautiful unbeliever?" exclaimed the elder, in a voice more powerful than melodious; "can unutterable bliss be obtained without sacrifice?"

"Sacrifice!" retorted the young man; "sacrifice! Was it nothing, think you, to leave childless an aged mother? nothing to relinquish my own true-hearted Marion? Nothing!—and for what? to—"

"Patience, my son," interrupted the first speaker, "this day—the voice of the Most High has proclaimed it to me—this day shall the Truth be made manifest; powerful as the whirlwind when it rushes headlong on its course, pure as the drops that glisten in the sun, boundless as the expanse of the starry world, eternal as the city of the Lord. Yes, my pupil," he continued, in an elevated tone, "this day shall thy future destiny be decided—this day shall prove me a prophet or a deceiver."

As he concluded these words, they entered the one long, solitary street of R——.

"Hollo!" he cried, as he reined in his horse at the Rose and Crown, which, from time immemorial, had enjoyed a state of single blessedness as the sole inn of the village. "What! all the world turned holiday-seekers? Alas! poor misguided mortals! groping in darkness—"

His pathetic exordium was here unfortunately curtailed by the shrill voice of an old woman in a flaming red cloak, who, in that musical (?) patois, impossible to be conveyed upon paper, peculiar to the rustic denizens of fenny Lincolnshire, exclaimed,

"Thee mauna gang there, mon; you'll be clean left to shift for yoursen."

"And why, my good woman?"

"Good woman, forsooth! none o' your gammins here. Take my word, and ride off from that ere bad-luckit 'ouse;" and the "good woman," having delivered this mysterious injunction, drew her scarlet robe more closely around her, to screen her person, we presume, from the scorching rays of the sun, and slowly hobbled away.

"What's all this about?" cried our pious friend, waxing more wrathful than became his saintly character; "call the master; our horses are tired out. What's the matter with the house?"

"Why, sir," answered a boy in a smock, who stood at the horse's head; "why, sir, there be a dead man in th'ouse, and," he added, in a whisper, "our Meg says as how there was summat wrong."

"Fools!" said the traveller, turning to his young companion, whom we will call Philip Rivers; "let us alight, and solve the mystery for ourselves," and suiting the action to the word, he sprang from his saddle, and quietly led his horse beneath the old-fashioned portal of the inn. Philip followed. Boniface soon appeared, but with none of that smiling visage or honeyed speech which usually distinguishes mine host. No bills of fare were in his hand, no praise of forthcoming dainties on his lips; all he brought into the presence of our travellers was a countenance as woe-begone as generally graces a hand-cuff or a sheriff's officer.

"How now, my friend?" said the senior equestrian, "does death so rarely visit your fellow-villagers, that his sudden appearance causes such great sensation?"

"'Tis an awful business, sir," said the publican, who seemed superior to his station; "but walk in, gentlemen, walk in, and if you would hear the history, and give a word of advice, why there's none would be so grateful as Sam Winter—that is myself."

"Let us accept his proffered confidence," whispered the Mormon priest; "inscrutable are the ways of God; who can say—but let us enter."

For the benefit of our readers, we will condense the loquacious Sam Winter's narrative into a few words. A stranger had arrived there yesterday evening, had retired to rest, and that morning been found lifeless in his bed.

"It wasn't only his dying," continued the disconsolate inn-keeper, "though that was bad enough, for never a body would sleep in the room again if they heard on't, but I have lodgers in the place, and Bessie Walton and Bill Jowler" (and a host of other rustical cognomens,) "had spread it about there must be something wrong in so sudden a death. What can I do?"

"Is there no clergyman," inquired Philip, "that could have advised you in the matter?"

"Clergyman!" echoed Sam Winter, "never a bit of a parson do we see here 'cept on the Sunday; he lives at t'other village."

"Are there no medical men within reach?" pursued Philip.

"Lor bless your honor!" cried Sam, "and who'd pay for a dead man's doctor's stuff? and I've been so flurried like, and my missus' (meaning wife) is away, but I'll send Joe at once, that I will," and he hastened to the door.

"Stay!" exclaimed the Mormon, "stay, and witness the power of the prophet of the Lord, the dead restored to life. But first I would see the corpse—lead on."

His voice was commanding, his manner impressive; in a few moments he was ushered into the chamber of the dead. The body of the unfortunate man was stretched upon the couch; a few struggling beams that found a way through the closed shutters fell upon his countenance, from which all color had fled; the lips and face were fearful from the very intensity of their pallor, the eyelids were firmly closed, and the nightdress in which the body was still arrayed, seemed like the shroud ready to enclose those rigid and lifeless limbs.

"Nothing is impossible to a priest of Jerusalem," said the *soi-disant* prophet; "to his prayer everything is conceded; heaven and earth before it bend. Go, assemble your friends, your neighbors; let all behold the miracle, let all rejoice and believe."

It took some time before Sam Winter could fully comprehend what was required of him, but the gapers outside were speedy in obeying the summons "to come and see a strange gentleman bring the dead man to life." The apartment, which was tolerably large, was soon crowded with spectators. We will spare you, gentle readers, the prophet's oration; it was, like his ordinary conversation, more replete with fine sounding verbiage than common sense, but it told upon his simple and illiterate hearers, as was soon manifest by the awe-stricken countenances of all his auditors. All, did we say? No! there was one sturdy-looking fellow, Jim the butcher, a perfect personification of John Bull, who, with arms akimbo, stood eyeing the preacher with a look of irreverent unbelief.

"Now," said he, when our friend the prophet had concluded, "I be no scholard; I be a plain-spoken man, but I'd like to ask you a question or so. You say as how you can make that ere deade body live agin?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Mormon, resuming his oratorical voice and gestures; "yes! at my command those eyes shall open to the light, those pallid lips shall smile and speak, the blood shall once more warmly flow through those motionless limbs, the spirit of life again shall animate the clay."

"Well," continued the imperturbable butcher, "but if I was to chop off an arm of his'n, would he come to life wi'out his arm?"

"Assuredly," answered the prophet.

"And if I chopp'd off his leg, would he come to life then?"

"Assuredly," was again the laconic reply; "but we waste time—let us pray."

"Stop a wee bit," pursued the butcher; "if I chopp'd off his heade, would he come to life then, eh?"

"Certainly, my friend; all is possible to the prophet of Jerusalem."

"Then I'll do it," cried Jim, in a thundering voice, pushing his way to the head of the couch, and raising his cleaver in the air; "here goes."

"Hollo! hollo!" shrieked the dead man, jumping up; "I'd rather not have my head chopped off this bout, any how."

The spectators, men, women, and children, screamed wildly, and threw one another down in their haste to depart. In an incredibly short time, mine host, the butcher, and Philip Rivers were alone left with the ex-corpse. Jim, laughing heartily, approached the resuscitated man, and seizing him, exclaimed,—

"Now, measter, we'll put a bit of polish on yer face," and in a few energetic rubs transferred the chalk from that worthy's face to Jim's blue apron. But where is the prophet? Has he not remained to witness this wonderful resurrection? No; the sagacious Mormon, finding that instead of a bevy of dupes he had caught a Tartar, hastily decamped in the general confusion, and his confederate, thus left in the lurch, confessed the whole conspiracy. It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this occurrence no Mormon ever again ventured even the shadow of his nose in R——, and Philip Rivers, for whose edification this little episode had principally been concocted, returned to his home a wiser and a happier man. The last we heard of him was his marriage with his fair Marion, and doubtless he finds matrimonial bliss the best safeguard against the seducements of religious fanatics, and we would counsel all whose heads are a little inclined to be led by the last newfangled doctrine, to follow his example.

Selected Articles.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

FROM "ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL."

Cheer thee! faint and weary one,
Wearied with the sowing,
On the rugged paths of life,
Tears from eyes o'erflowing.
Dream not one is shed in vain—
Doth not Heaven's gentle rain
Set earth's blossoms blowing?

This must learn on Nature's page
How, from present sorrow,
Loving faith and noble trust,
Future good may borrow—
That, how dark soe'er the cloud
Fold our wronged in a shroud,
He must rise to-morrow.

Sow in Faith, or tears, or seed
O'er thy pathway flinging;
Then await the rich reward
From those germs upspringing.
Over such God's angel bends,
To the earth-born flowers He tends,
Dew and sunshine bringing.

Sow in Hope—no dark despair
Mingled with thy weeping;
Sad may be the seedtime here,
Joy awaits the reaping.
He who wept for human woe
Deems thy tear-drops as they flow
Worthy of His keeping.

But, o'er all things, sow in Love,
Hand and heart o'erflowing;
Soon, oh, faint and weary one!
Thou shalt cease from sowing.
And, behold each seedtime tear,
"First the blade and then the ear,"
In God's harvest growing!

A LOVE CHARM.—The Marquis de Nesle became deeply enamoured of Mademoiselle de la Force, after having received from her a small bag to wear about his neck as a remedy against the vapours. He would have married her, but his relations opposed it on the score of her poverty. The great Condé, the Marquis de Nesle's nearest relation, took him to Chatillon, that he might forget his love for Mademoiselle de la Force; and all the relations of the Marquis were there assembled, for the purpose of declaring against the match. He, on his part, told them that he would never, while he lived, marry any other person. In a moment of despair, he rushed out into the garden, and would have thrown himself into the canal, but the string with which Mademoiselle de la Force had tied the bag about his neck, broke, and the bag fell at his feet.—His thoughts, at that moment, appeared to undergo a sudden change, and Mademoiselle seemed to him to be as ugly as she really was. On being told what had happened, they searched about for the bag, and on opening it found it to contain two toad's feet, holding a [illegible] wrapped in a bat's wing, and round the whole a paper, inscribed with unintelligible cyphers. Monsieur le Marquis de la Nesle was effectually cured.

OUR REST.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us."

My feet are worn and weary with the march
Over rough roads and up the steep hill-side;
Oh! city of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meed;
Oh! city of our God, I fain would rest,
I sigh to gain Thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments, travel worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that scatter my way,
Would fain be made, oh Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary, looking at the sin,
Impiety and scorn upon the earth;
Oh! city of our God, within Thy walls
All, all are clothed upon with Thy new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin—
Sinning, repenting, sinning still away;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,
And find its guilt, dear Saviour, washed away?

Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary, too;
His garments stained, and travel-worn, and old;
His sacred eyes blinded with tears of woe.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
Oh! city of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

In one of our Western towns, a clergyman was one morning told by his wife, that a little boy, the son of a neighbor, was very sick, near to death, and asked if he would not go and see him.

"I hardly know what to do," said the good man. "I fear my visit would not be well received."

"But," rejoined the wife, "when you were sick, a short time since, the mother of the little boy sent in kindly every day to inquire how you were, and I think they will expect you to come and see their son."

This was a sufficient inducement, and he was soon on his way to the dwelling of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady and said—

"This poor little child should be kept perfectly quiet madam; he should not be excited in any manner."

"Sir," said she, "will you offer a prayer?"

At first he hesitated, fearing the effect upon the child; but, on second thought, knelt at the bedside, and [illegible] "suffer little children to come unto Me." The moment he commenced speaking, the little sufferer, who till now seemed unconscious of his presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word. The minister rose from his knees, said a few words to the mother, and went home, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning the first intelligence which greeted him was that little Frank had died during the night.

He had become extremely interested, and the apparent effect of the voice of prayer upon the dying boy, had surprised him. He went again to visit the family, attended the funeral, and at length learned from the mother, the following facts:

She had two children. Frank was the eldest, and the second was a daughter of five years. A few months before, little Alice had gone to spend the night with some companions in the neighborhood, whose parents were Christians, and were training their children to follow their steps. As they were about retiring to rest, these little ones said to their visitor, who did not know the Lord's Prayer—

"Come, Alice, kneel down with us, and say, 'Our Father,' before we go to bed."

Alice, being a bright little girl, soon committed to memory the precious form of prayer which has gone up from so many lips since the Saviour first uttered it. The next morning, full of animation, and delighted with her new acquisition, she returned home; and the moment her brother Frank appeared from school, she began to tell him all about her visit, and beg him to learn "Our Father," and say it with her.

From this time, the mother said, kneeling together, they had daily repeated the Lord's Prayer, with great earnestness and delight, and had also learned other prayers, in which they seemed much interested.

A few days before he was taken sick, Frank had come to her with a book in his hand, and said—

"Oh, mother, here is a beautiful prayer—will you let me read it to you?"

It was the remembrance of this which induced her to make the request that the minister would pray by the bed of her suffering boy, and this was the secret of the calming influence which that prayer exerted. He continued thus tranquil a long time, but at length his distress returned, and the hour of death drew near. About midnight, suffering and agonized, he begged of his mother to send for the good minister to pray again. He must have somebody to pray. The parents disliked to call him at that hour of the night, and knew not what to do. At last the mother went up stairs, and, taking the little sleeping Alice from her bed, brought her to her brother's bedside, and told her what Frank wanted. Immediately she knelt down, and slowly and solemnly repeated the prayer which they both so much loved, and then, unasked, said—

"Now Franky lays him down to sleep,
I pray the Lord his soul to keep;
If he should die before he wake,
I pray the Lord his soul to take."

The first words soothed the sufferer, and with the last his spirit fled.

Witnessed earth ever a sublimer spectacle? At the dead hour of the night, in the chamber where waits the king of terrors, surrounded by weeping friends, the infant of five Summers, roused hastily from the sweet slumbers of childhood, kneels in her simple night dress, and, undisturbed, unterrified, lisps in childish accents the prayer which Heaven accepts, and on whose breath unnumbered angels bear upward the ransomed soul.

I would teach a lesson. They labor not in vain who sow precious seed in the fresh soil of youthful hearts.—*Mrs. Whittle's Magazine.*

THE USE OF FRUIT.—Instead of standing in any fear of a generous consumption of the fruits, we regard them as positively conducive to health. The very maladies commonly assumed to have their origin in a free use of apples, peaches, cherries, melons and wild berries, have been quite as prevalent, if not equally destructive, in seasons of scarcity. There are so many erroneous notions entertained of the bad effects of fruit, that it is quite time a counteracting impression should be promulgated, having its foundation in common sense and based on the common observation of the intelligent. We have no patience in reading the endless rules to be observed in this particular department of physical comfort. No one, we imagine, ever lived longer, or freer from the paroxysms of disease, by discarding the delicious fruits of the lands in which he finds a home. On the contrary, they are necessary to the preservation of health, and are therefore caused to make their appearance at the very time when the condition of the body, operated upon by deteriorating causes not always understood, requires their grateful, renovating influence.—*Boston Med. and Surg. Journal.*

The Traveller.

LIFE ON THE WING.

[illegible]

We reached Buffalo next morning in time for a stroll through the city, taking the cars for Niagara. [illegible]

Here, one begins to feel the vicinity of the great cataract. Here, *Niagara begins to move his soul.* The journey was too rapidly accomplished for you to digest the thought of its nearness by the way—and now you look at the cars labelled Niagara, with a half start. You hear the boys cry out—"Guide to Niagara!" like the commonest article of traffic, with a sort of wonder at their audacity. [illegible]

[illegible]

"SELLING" A FELLOW BY ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.

[illegible]

"And here's your dollar and twenty-eight cents."

"Here's your ninth box."

"Here's your—let me see—ah! two dollars and fifty-six cents."

"Here's your tenth box."

[illegible]

"And here's your five dollars and twelve cents."

"Here's your eleventh box."

[illegible]

At this stage of the game he had got quite [illegible]

"Here's your twelfth box; hand over twenty dollars and forty-eight cents."

[illegible]

At this point he looked perfectly wild. [illegible]

And taking his pile into his hat, he crushed it on his head, and made his exit at a rate of speed altogether unheard of; and I have never seen him near enough to speak to him from that day to this.—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

Clippings.

☞ Upon the same tree, as upon a vine-planted [illegible]

☞ The English papers discuss the new Bloomer costume [illegible] that it has been adopted by a majority of our women.

☞ Rumors of the World's Fair.—The correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives an [illegible] of John Bull:

A pretty fellow, with an eye-glass pressed into the orbit, inquired of another, in the act of inspecting the proportions of Mr. Clapp's very beautiful coach, from Pittsfield, whether "the Americans ever rode in carriages?" Another exquisite, with pomatumed hair, and carrying a gold headed stick, asked a visitor from the other side, if *the Rocky Mountains could be seen from New York?*

☞ A Mrs. Phillips, living near Vandalia, Indiana, had twin children about eighteen months since, and about three weeks since gave birth to five more, all alive and kicking.

☞ It is said that in less than one year from the present time, travellers, by means of the Central and Pittsburg and Ohio Railroads, will be enabled to breakfast in Philadelphia and sup in Cincinnati during the same day.

☞ A Prince having asked his physician how much daily food was sufficient to nourish and support the body, the physician replied,—"One pound of food will support man—should he take more, the man must support the food."

☞ Private Practice.—An Irish woman, named Tuomey, in Roxbury, Mass., having heard that a quantity of tobacco steeped in milk would operate as an excellent *vermifuge* for children, procured the wicked dose and administered it to her own child, only a year and a half old, causing its death in less than an hour and a half.

☞ Mr. Riddle, our Commissioner at the Fair, has come home in search of something more to be laughed at by the congregated wisdom and folly of Europe.

☞ "Bill," said one apprentice to another, "my boss is a better man to work for than your old man. My boss ain't always round his shop, interfering with his own business."

☞ The Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of Yeast and Alton Locke, preached a sermon lately in Fitzroy Square, London, on the "Gospel Message to the Poor." It was so full of democratic thoughts, and so severe upon the richer classes, that the rector of the church, when he had closed, rose in his pew and protested vehemently against the doctrine. The congregation dispersed in disorder.

☞ Said an elderly gentleman to a young political aspirant, who had just rid himself of a bombastic speech in the New Hampshire Legislature, "If you would pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would fly with much better success."

☞ Alphabetical Honors.—Alphabetical appendages to names are becoming ridiculous. In an advertisement of a sermon, which appears in the Dublin Mail, the author (Rev. Mr. Carson) has pinned to his name, "M D A B T C D F R C S I C T P W." We have (says the Weekly News) made the appendages more formidable by taking away the full points; but it at best is a puzzle. The Galway Observer said, "We take Mr. Carson to be a Doctor of Medicine; Bachelor of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin; Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; and Chief Trumpeter to the Prince of Wales."

☞ "I see you are in black," said a friend of ours, the other day. "Are you in mourning for a friend?" "No, I am in mourning for my sins." "I never heard that you had *lost* any!" was the instant and keen reply.

☞ "Mrs. Jenkins," said a little red-headed girl, with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says will you [illegible]"

☞ Counterfeit Gold Dollars.—There are counterfeit gold dollars in circulation in New York City. The Journal of Commerce says that they are easily detected by their specific gravity, being much lighter than the genuine coin.

☞ Illness of Mr. Cooper.—The New York Post says that the report of the dangerous illness of Mr. Fenimore Cooper, the Novelist, is exaggerated.

☞ A householder in a village between Stamford and Uppingham, England, in filling up his census schedule, under the column headed "Where born," described one of his children as born "in the parlor, and the other in the kitchen."

☞ Hundred Dollars Premium Tract.—One hundred dollars have been offered through the American Tract Society for the best tract against the use of tobacco. Time for competition until November 1st.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, [illegible]

[illegible]

TERMS, &c.

[illegible]

INCONVENIENT DECISION.

[illegible]

The above decision is one calculated to conflict considerably with the convenience of both publishers and regular subscribers. [illegible]

[illegible]

SINGULAR.

The Board of Health have issued their mandate to have clean streets, lanes, courts, gutters and alleys; but we must have the practice as well as the theory of cleanliness. Some of the well-casks are enough, in themselves, to generate a plague. Offal is kept too long in houses before it is taken away.

How singular the above mandate of the Board of Health, and the accompanying remarks of one of our contemporaries, must seem to our late correspondent "Carbon," and other lamp-black and glue manufacturers. "Does not the Board of Health know," we can imagine them asking, "that rotting vegetable, and putrid animal matter, are promotive of, instead of injurious to health? Do they not know that our *perfumeries* are great fountains of health, from which flow pleasant odors to purify the air—that these sources of corruption are the very sources of fresh life?" Such, doubtless, are the questions asked by our odoriferous friends.

Or, perhaps some argue (like a late correspondent of the Bulletin,) that though the effluvia of *one* dead horse is pestiferous, that the concentrated effluvia of a manufactory where a number of dead horses are collected, is highly beneficial.

But we are glad to see that a public feeling is being aroused upon this subject, which bids fair to banish all these nurseries of pestilence from the vicinity of large neighborhoods of men. There are thousands of acres within twenty miles of this city, (especially in the lower part of New Jersey,) where such establishments could be located, and injure no one but those employed in them. Better have to pay a higher price (owing to the increased cost of transportation,) for our glue, and lamp-black, and chemicals, than to have the health of our wives and children ruined.

CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondence from various places is very rich this week. Our readers may expect a treat in the "Leaves From Shannondale." "Aunt Alice" gives a little bit of Prairie Gossip; while those who have to stay at home this Summer, can take the Northern tour with Dr. Tappan by proxy. Well, we are glad some one can go a travelling, and give us letters full of the freshness of Virginia mountains, and Northern waterfalls, and Western prairies, while poor we are "cribb'd and cabined and confined" all day in the midst of brick and mortar. At night, now, we manage to escape into the surrounding country, and try to imbibe a little new sense of life from green trees and grass, and the music of birds; but we are beginning to long earnestly for the time when we can throw aside our pen, snap our fingers in the faces of our readers, and be off for a long tour among the wild natural glories of this wonderful land.

A PROPER REBUKE.

Queen Victoria's Lord Chamberlain has signified, in accordance with the command of her Majesty, to Viscount Maldon, that his presence can be dispensed with at court, in consequence of his having seduced the wife of Capt. Hawkins.

We think Queen Victoria deserves the thanks of the moral and religious world for her course in the above case. And if the ladies generally would follow her example, and refuse to admit unprincipled men to their social circles, a marked change for the better would be the result.

THE GREAT FRAUD.

The "Tribune," which published the first account of a great fraud upon the Government in the matter of Mexican claims, is now inclined to think the whole charge without foundation. It originated in an assertion, which, it was stated, M. Forte [illegible] to the effect that Mr. Gardiner had declared to him that his claim was false. It now appears that M. Forte denies having said anything of the kind.

WEBSTER GOING ABROAD.

Mr. Webster proposes visiting Europe this summer for the benefit of his health. It is rumored that he will leave his resignation in the hands of the President, to be used if necessary.

ROSINE ASSOCIATION.

[illegible]

The above is an excellent commentary upon the principle and practice of Competition, so much vaunted by some philosophers, as the only true measure of value. The time will yet come, when the doctrine that a man has a moral right to buy every thing (labor included) as cheap as he can, will be universally scouted as unchristian and devilish. Nine-tenths of the pauperism, ignorance and licentiousness which now exist in Great Britain, is the evil fruit of this selfish and unholy doctrine.

MEXICAN CLAIMS.

The Mexican Government is about to make a demand upon the United States for over sixteen millions of dollars, for the non-fulfillment of certain treaty stipulations, and consequent losses from Indian depredations on the frontier. The article of the treaty, however, on which this demand is based, scarcely seems to warrant any such claim. It says:

It is solemnly agreed that all such incursions shall be forcibly restrained by the Government of the United States, whensoever this may be necessary; and that whenever they cannot be prevented, they shall be punished by the said Government, and satisfaction for the same shall be exacted; all in the same way, and with equal diligence and energy, as if the same incursions were meditated or committed within its own territory, against its own citizens.

The above simply binds the United States to make the Indians pay for all the damage committed by them. It is hardly probable that they have committed depredations to the amount of sixteen millions; and very certain that they will never be able to make reparation to that amount. But doubtless our Mexican friends deal in large figures of arithmetic, as well as of speech. Exaggeration has come to be a constitutional fault with them—hundreds become thousands by passing through their account books, and thousands millions.

AN AMERICAN IN PRISON.

A young clergyman by the name of Brace, a native of Connecticut, who is making a pedestrian tour through Europe, chose to deviate from his direct course to visit some of the liberal spirits of Hungary, has been arrested and imprisoned by the Austrian Government. Mr. Brace is charged with being connected with revolutionists,—a charge alleged to be entirely false. That he feels a natural American sympathy with the patriots of Europe, and does not believe in the old, stale cry that they are "enemies of social order," is very probable. His case has been already brought to the attention of our Government, and we trust that national interference in his behalf will be prompt and energetic. An American citizen, imprisoned on such a charge, by a tyrannical government, becomes at once an object of more than common interest. He is a more appropriate subject for special embassies and messages to Congress, than important commercial treaties, or other pecuniary advantages. We should think the present Secretary of State would feel particularly interested in this case, as it very probably is Austria's first answer to his celebrated letter.

MORE ANNEXATION.

According to the New York "Courier and Enquirer," prominent and influential men are engaged in the movement to wrest Lower California from Mexico by force, and annex it to the United States. The plan contemplates, the Courier says, a division of California, and the creation of another slave State. Such a movement, if we are not mistaken, would be in the very face of the late treaty with Mexico, which guaranteed to her in the most solemn terms, all the territory of which she was then left in possession. Mexico, however, would probably willingly sell Lower California to us, such is her want of money. But in the present state of our national finances, and in view of the fact that the acquisition of any new territory, would revive sectional feelings in all their force, Congress would scarcely be inclined to sanction any new proceedings in the annexation direction.

THE BAY STATE.

We call the attention of those travelling East, by way of Long Island Sound, to the "Steamer Bay State," Wm. H. Brown, Captain, feeling assured they will be fully satisfied with their accommodations. The "Bay State" has been handsomely fitted up for the season, and Capt. Brown is careful and able as a captain, easy and agreeable as a companion, and unremitting in his attentions to ladies travelling without gentlemen. The table and waiters will please the most fastidious. The "Bay State" leaves New York on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Fall River the intermediate days.

THE NEW COSTUME.

The "Lynn News" says, that a large number of ladies in the Bloomer costume, made their appearance in the streets of that town on the last Sabbath. Four or five hundred young ladies of Lowell were dressed in the new costume on the Fourth. At the dinner which ended the celebration of the day, the following toast was given:—

The Lowell Factory Operatives in Bloomer Costume—Query—Was Solomon in all his glory arrayed like one of these? For though they dress like the Editor of the *Lily*, yet they are not lilies, since they toil and they spin.

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents.

PRAIRIE GOSSIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUNT ALICE.

I did hope ere this time, to have a good account to give of our sewing society, but [illegible]

[illegible]

P. S.—Millie is making Bloomers!! I wonder who they *can* be intended for? The men folks look frightened—why?

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

Messrs. Editors.—In the Post of July 5th, I find an extract from a work by John B. Newman, M. D., entitled the "Natural History of Man." This extract is concerning that singular person, *Jemima Wilkinson*.

I am one who would be entitled to share in the vast property which she left at her decease, had she "*paid the debt of Nature*" intestate. The history of Jemima is a familiar tradition among the families of her posterity. I have heard it from childhood, and might give you many incidents in the life of this vile impostor.

The extract referred to, makes Jemima a very different "sort of person" from what she really was.

The Wilkinsons who lived in the days of the Prophetess, were singularly shrewd and cautious. These qualities she possessed in the greatest degree, and to them she owed, in a great measure, her success. She was not a scholar, but could read, and was exceedingly familiar with the Scriptures, which was the basis of her operations.

Jemima, in the early part of her life, was neither "*grave nor absent*," but she possessed a mysterious crafty eccentricity.

The ordination of Jemima as the Second Christ took place in 1776, instead of 1790, under circumstances less imposing than is stated. But I will not undertake to give a history of the occurrence. I will only add that she feigned death, so successfully, as to escape detection, —and her apparent resurrection [illegible]. The life and doings of the *Universal Friend of Man*, will, by-and-bye, be given to the public, when it will be seen, that although she failed in establishing herself as the Son of Christ, she was, nevertheless, endowed with more talent, genius, and [illegible] than any other female impostor the world has produced.

I subjoin extracts from her will and testament, which are not a little amusing, coming from one "whose body had been redeemed from corruption by the power of God"—It commences—

"The last will and testament of the person called the Universal Friend of Jerusalem, in the County of Ontario, and State of New York, who in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, was called Jemima Wilkinson, and ever since that time the Universal Friend, a new name which the mouth of God hath named."

After giving all her property to Rachel and Margaret Millie, and giving directions for the management of her Society, the will closes—

"In witness whereof, I, the person called Jemima Wilkinson, but in and since the year 1777, known and called the Public Universal Friend, hereunto set my hand and seal the 25th day of the Second month in the year of the Lord 1818."

Death makes the false God acknowledge Him.

A SUBSCRIBER.

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

[illegible]

We found Leesburg to be a real clean, well built country town, [illegible]

Battletown, the seat of justice of Clark county, takes its old name from General Daniel Morgan, a redoubtable Virginia celebrity, a downright battle-one hero of the Revolution—a tremendous giant—

"In war a tiger, chafed by hunter's spear,
In peace—"

a tiger, too! for, with many heroic and worshipful qualities, an immense self-esteem, combativeness and destructiveness, fired by a bilious temperament, kept the whole neighborhood in a continual row, and gained for it the name of Battletown. Among other feats, he compelled the Hessians, taken prisoners at Saratoga, to work upon his magnificent seat near Winchester, then in process of erection, and which, in memory of that battle and those prisoners, he called "Saratoga." But Battletown is most interesting from a memento of George Washington in his early youth. This relic is a small log cabin, situated in a green dingle, about a quarter of a mile from the village. The cabin is about ten feet square, and contains two rooms, one above the other. It is watered by a gushing spring, and shaded by a large elm tree.—Here George Washington sojourned while pursuing his vocation of surveyor, during that period of his life described by his ablest biographer: "When in quest of honest maintenance, encountering intolerable toil, cheered by being able to write to a schoolboy friend,—'Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain by day, and sometimes six pistoles;' himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, and no plate but a large chip; roaming over spurs of the Alleghanies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah, alive to nature, and sometimes spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and the richness of the land; among skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants who would never speak a word of English; rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bear skin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place at night on a little hay, straw, or fodder; and often camping in the forest, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury."

We left Battletown with its most interesting reminiscences, and arrived at Winchester late in the evening. This valley town for its neatness, compactness and regularity, reminds us of Philadelphia. Winchester is still older than Leesburg. The present site of the city was once in possession of a fierce, warlike and powerful tribe of Indians called the Shawnees. The settlement was commenced in 1738, when the very name of a Shawnee was sufficient to strike terror to the bravest heart. The town was founded by the heroic and adventurous Colonel Wood. The town is further remarkable for having been the head-quarters of Washington during the old French and Indian war.

We entered Winchester about eight o'clock, and as we turned into Loudoun Street, with the intention of stopping at Taylor's hotel, we found a great, an immense crowd collected that literally blocked up the street from side to side, so that the stage could scarcely make its way. Dr. G—— inquired of several people what the matter was, but each and all were too excited to reply or even hear. At length we met Mr. Lovett, the proprietor, and upon Dr. G.'s propounding the question to him he answered—

"Daniel Webster is here, and has just concluded his speech," and the wonder was explained.

"Now we shall get nothing to eat!" said Mrs. C——.

"And no place to sleep!" chimed in the Doctor.

"We shall 'fare sumptuously every day' that we can get soft cake, and chickens' necks, and [illegible]," said another gentleman.

"Or a damp side to sleep in," laughed a lady.

"You'll think yourself superbly off,
Though rather cramped in bed,
If your guest keep the summer rain
From dropping on your head."

[illegible]

[illegible]

New Publications.

SERIALS.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. [illegible]

We have received from the agent, W. B. Zieber, the "Pennsylvania Farm Journal," and "The Working Farmer," for July. Every one engaged in the business of agriculture should take one or more of the periodicals devoted to that subject.

Littell's Living Age. No. 380 contains among other articles, a good paper from Fraser's Magazine, [illegible]

The Student, A Magazine for Youth, edited by N. A. Wood. The July number is illustrated with a pretty steel engraving called "The Wayfarers," and numerous wood-cuts, calculated to please young people. The literary matter is unusually attractive.

The American Phrenological Journal, for July, is embellished with six portraits of distinguished persons, and with numerous illustrations of animal physiology.

The July number of the Water-Cure Journal contains, as usual, many sound suggestions for the attainment and preservation of health, even to those who are not disposed to be thorough hydropathists.

Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine and Engineers' Journal. The July number of this periodical is for sale by G. G. Henderson & Co., Phila. Price 25 cts.

Plymouth and the Pilgrims; or, Incidents of Adventure in the History of the First Settlers. By Joseph Banvard. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This little book commences a series of American Histories, which, as the publisher's preface informs us, "will be made up of interesting and important events which have occurred in the U. States since the first settlement of the country, illustrating the trials and adventures of the early colonists, both at the North and the South, their intercourse and conflicts with the natives, their peculiarities of character and manners, the gradual development of their institutions, sketches of their prominent men, in both the church and the State, incidents in the Revolution, with various other subjects of interest of more recent date." The volume before us is illustrated by seven engravings and a map of Massachusetts Bay.

Miscellaneous.

INTERESTING DEBATE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF SMALL BIRDS.

Few of the debates which have sprung up during the present session of the Legislature of Connecticut, (says the Hartford Courant,) have been listened to with more attention, or have apparently excited a deeper interest, than that which occupied the attention of the House on the third reading of the Bill "to prevent the destruction of certain small birds;" and, though some time has passed since it took place, the interest to see it in print is so general that we have endeavored, with the aid of some who took part in the debate, to collect what was said on that occasion.

The Bill was reported by the Committee on the Judiciary, and provides—

"That any person who shall shoot, or in any other manner kill, destroy, entrap, ensnare, or otherwise capture upon lands not owned or occupied by himself, any of the following birds, viz.: robin, blue-bird, swallow, martin or swift, night or mosquito hawk, whip-poor-will, cuckoo, king-bird, wake-up or high hole, woodpecker, catbird, long-tailed thrush or brown thrasher, mourning dove, meadow lark or marsh quail, fire-bird or Summer red bird, hanging bird, spider-bird or wax bird, ground robin or chewink, bob-o-link or rice bird, sparrow, yellow-bird, or phebe, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five dollars."

On its second reading there appeared to be in some quarters a disposition to ridicule the Bill, as scarcely worthy the attention of so dignified a body, and the whole matter was spoken of as "small game." On the third reading, Mr. Andrews, of New Britain, endeavored to give a different turn to the debate and the feeling of members on the subject.

Mr. Andrews said he rose for the purpose of moving to add to the list of birds proposed to be protected by this bill the names of several others which had been omitted. He spoke of the great value and interest of the race of birds, not only on account of their beautiful plumage and their delightful melody, but as forming a most important link in that chain by which the whole visible creation was united, and the comparative numbers of the various races of animals duly regulated. They are designed to act a most important part in the economy of nature, by holding in check the tendency of the insect species to increase to myriads, and, like the locusts of the East, to sweep from the earth every vestige of the vegetable creation. That such a tendency to increase on the part of the insect tribes actually existed, and that without the requisite checks the whole earth would be laid waste by them, was sufficiently apparent to all who had deeply reflected upon the subject. [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Burr, of Killingworth, moved to erase the long-tailed thrush, [illegible]

Mr. Boardman—I hope not, sir. [illegible]

Mr. Burr replied that he was well aware that the thrush was one of the sweetest songsters in nature's grand choir, yet it was nevertheless true that it was a great annoyance to the farmer; and he was therefore reluctantly compelled to move to strike out his name.

Mr. Andrews, of New Britain, said that though he was a farmer, and the son of a farmer, he had never heard anything said until this morning against the character of the thrush. [illegible]

Mr. Boardman.—One word more, Mr. Speaker. A great diversity of opinion exists among farmers concerning the depredations committed upon their crops by birds. A law was once enacted in Virginia offering a bounty for the destruction of the crows that destroyed their corn. A war of extermination followed, and the extermination of the corn also; [illegible] the ravages of the worms were such, after the removal of the crows, that the farmers would gladly have paid back their money if they could have reestablished the dynasty of the crows again.

Mr. Burr again insisted that the thrush was the cause of much mischief in the farmers' cornfields, and appealed to the farmers present to sustain his position.

Mr. Benton, of Guilford, said he was one of the farmers appealed to, and desired to say he had never heard the thrush evil spoken of; he was of opinion that if they disturbed the corn in Killingworth, it was because the land was so poor that it would not produce worms.

Mr. Trumbull, of Stonington, remarked that this law did not restrain people from killing birds on their own lands, but was designed to curtail the liberties of those lawless intruders who are fired with an insatiable ambition to destroy harmless birds on other's premises.

Amendment lost.

Mr. Olney, of Thompson, moved to amend by erasing the word king bird, as he had a bad reputation among the honey-bees.

Several persons objected, on the ground that this bird was an enemy to the whole insect race, and could not be well spared. The good he did far overbalanced the evil.

Mr. Phelps, of Windsor, coincided with the remarks of other gentlemen. He thought the birds did more good than harm, and he wished any gentleman whose fields were troubled by them to call upon him, and he would tell them how to obviate the mischief without killing them.

Amendment lost.

Mr. Osgood moved to insert the blackbird.

Mr. Boardman said that, though he believed the blackbird to be one of the farmer's best friends, [illegible]

Amendment adopted.

Mr. Osgood moved to amend further by inserting the quail. [illegible]

Some one thought the quail already protected by the laws respecting game; if it was not, it ought by all means to be inserted in the Bill.

Amendment adopted.

Mr. Godfrey, of Fairfield, moved to insert the humming-bird. Adopted.

An amendment in favor of the wren was also adopted.

Mr. Burr moved to insert the crow. [illegible]

Mr. Boardman said that, at the suggestion of an eminent Naturalist, he wished to add the rose-breasted grosbeak. It was a beautiful bird, [illegible]

Amendment adopted, and Bill as amended passed.

☞ We have noticed, lately, says the New Orleans Delta, [illegible]

☞ It is reported that one of the lines of the Broadway omnibuses, in New York, has recently been sold for [illegible]

☞ It is reported that the New York Tribune [illegible]

☞ In the London Exhibition is a [illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Saturday, July 12, 1851.

[illegible]

FLOUR AND MEAL—[illegible]

GRAIN—[illegible]

PROVISIONS—[illegible]

AMERICAN FABRICS—The sales of all descriptions are limited, without change in prices.

BARK—Quercitron continues dull; we quote No. 1 at $30 per ton. A sale of 80 hhds on private terms. Sales of Spanish Oak at $12a$14, and Chestnut at $10a10,50 per cord, as in quality.

BEESWAX—Is in better demand; sales of 2,000 lbs good yellow at 25½a26c per lb. cash.

CANDLES—Are in limited request; sales of Sperm in lots at 43a40c, and Tallow at 9a11c.

COAL—There is a good demand for shipment at our former quotations. The Schuylkill Navigation Company have given notice that on and after the 17th instant the rate of toll from Pottsville to Philadelphia will be 45c per ton. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 15c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market continues inactive, and the only sales reported are small lots of Rio at 9a9½c per lb on time, and some Laguayra at 9½c.

COPPER—The sales of both Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal are only in small lots at our former quotations.

COTTON—The market has been inactive in consequence of the unfavorable tenor of the Canada's advices, but during the past three days considerable sales have been made for the supply of neighboring markets. Sales of 1,800 bales Upland and New Orleans at 9a11c per lb on time for middling and fair quality.

The following is a statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts.		Stocks.	
	1851.	1850.	1851.	1850.
N. Orleans, bales,	931,765	778,253	84,854	95,987
Mobile	426,349	327,834	64,790	51,865
Savannah	290,733	306,781	9,303	23,531
Charleston	384,609	341,477	31,069	46,315
Florida	173,010	170,916	21,517	21,566
Texas	37,340	26,501	2,458	750
Virginia	19,044	8,962	1,900	750
N. Carolina	13,361	9,983	375	430
Other Places	——	——	68,016	113,565
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The receipts at the different shipping ports to the latest dates show the following results:

Increase—	New Orleans, bales,	153,530	
	Mobile,	98,515	
	Charleston,	43,132	
	Florida,	2,094	
	Texas,	11,339	
	Virginia,	10,082	
	North Carolina,	3,438	—365,147
Decrease—	Savannah,	13,018	
	Total increase this season,		352,129

DRUGS AND DYES—There is but little doing; sales of Soda Ash at 2½a2¾, Sal Soda at 1¼, and Cream Tartar at 17½, Ombre Madder at 9c per lb.

FEATHERS—But few offering; we quote good Western at 36a37c per lb, cash.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and for old Nos 1 and 2 prices are lower; sales of No 1 from store at $9,50a10, No 2 at $7,50a8, and No 3 at $4,25 per bbl—no invoice sales reported. In Codfish no sales.

FRUIT—The market has been very quiet, and no sales of either Foreign or Domestic worthy of notice have been reported, except 200 boxes Lemons at $3a3 per box, as in quality.

GINSENG—Is dull; the last sale of Crude was at 42c per lb, cash.

GUANO—Continues in limited request at our former quotations.

HEMP—The market is inactive, and no sales have transpired this week.

HIDES—An import of near 7,000 Laguayra have arrived, which were previously disposed of on terms kept private.

HOPS—Are scarce; small sales of first sort at 40a42c per lb, cash.

INDIGO—Prices are firm; a small sale of Bengal $1,35 per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The market has been very quiet, and the sales of Pig Metal have been confined to a few hundred tons of Anthracite at $21a23 per ton, 6 mos for No 1, and $20 for No 2, and 1,000 tons Forge at $18, 6 mos. The last sale of Scotch Pig was at $20, 6 mos. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD—There has been an increased demand; sales of 60 tons, part Spanish and part American, at $4,50½, and 1,000 pigs Virginia at $4,50, all on time, with interest added.

LEATHER—The stock of Slaughter Leather is exceedingly small; of Spanish Sole the supply is about equal to the demand, and prices are steady.

LUMBER—Of all kinds is in fair demand. Sales of 900,000 Laths at $1,00a1,02½ per M, and some Yellow Pine Boards at $15 per M feet.

There was shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 5th inst. Feet 1,003,430
Previously, 14,001,348
Total, 15,004,000?

MOLASSES—The market has been dull, and the only sales reported are a small lot of Cardenas at 19½, some Trinidad 25, and Porto Rico at 28a30 cts, on time.

NAVAL STORES—In Rosin, Tar and Pitch there is no change, and no large sales have been reported. Sales of Spirits of Turpentine in lots at 36a38c cash and on time.

OILS—There is a fair demand for Fish Oils; sales of Crude Whale at 47c in lots, and Sperm at $1,25a1,30 per gallon. Linseed Oil sells only in small lots at 74a75c in casks and bbls. No sales of Lard Oil.

PLASTER—No sales this week, except a small import at a price kept secret.

RICE—There has been an unusual demand, and prices are firm; sales of 360 casks, part for export, at $3,31a3,62½ cash and on time.

SALT—Three imports of 2,200 sacks Ashton's fine, and a cargo of near 10,000 bushels Turks Island sold on terms kept private.

SEEDS—The stock of Clover is in few hands and none offered in the market. [illegible] arrival at $1,38 per bushel.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin are only in small lots at our former quotations. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 30c. Whiskey has been in limited demand. Sales of bbls at 24, and hhds at 22½c.

SUGAR—The market continues excessively dull and prices are rather in favor of the buyer. The sales only amount to 3a300 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 5a6½c per lb on time, and 600 boxes Havana on terms kept private.

TALLOW—Is in limited demand at former quotations.

TEAS—There is no new feature to present in the market.

TOBACCO—The market is dull and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are only in small lots at former rates.

WINES—No large sales have transpired.

WOOL—Supplies continue to come in slowly both from the West and from the adjoining counties, [illegible]

FREIGHTS—[illegible]

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, July 14.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

[illegible] We have a number of articles now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz:

THE GOLD [illegible], by T. S. Arthur.

THE [illegible], by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

[illegible], by Caleb Wright. Illustrated by elegant Engravings. The Author has travelled more than 40,000 miles for the express purpose of collecting information respecting the various races of people whose peculiar manners, habits, and superstitions, he describes.

Reports of Lectures, the Gems of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

General News.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA.—The annexed account is a sad illustration of the evils of an elopement in the first place, and of the indulgence of angry passions in the second. The Lynchburg (Va.) Republican of the 3rd, says:

[illegible] Dr. Lorenzo D. Williams [illegible] John M. Williams [illegible] Capt. Richard G. Morris [illegible]

[illegible]

When this occurrence took place the father and daughter were in their room, up stairs. I have not heart to speak of Capt. Morris's anguish and almost frenzy that night—nor of his saddened and melancholy and unhappy state of mind next morning—nor yet of the piercing shrieks, the wailing and unutterable agony of his unhappy daughter. Her father started home the next morning, his daughter lying down in the carriage, the picture of the deepest sufferings and a broken heart.

The Charlottesville (Va.) Advocate, says that Miss Morris threatened self-destruction if Dr. Williams's wound proved mortal. Mr. Morris returned home with the corpse of his son, his daughter a maniac, and with the most sad presentiment that his wife would not survive the tragic events.

BOUNTY LAND WARRANTS.—The Pension Office has got to its examinations of claims for bounty lands, under the Act of 1850, so far as those which were filed or received in the Pension Office from the 3rd to the 7th day of December, 1850, and claims for services in the Florida and other Indian wars, which were filed from the 30th of November to the 6th of December last; so that claims for services in those several wars are nearly in the same state of forwardness. The applications by the officers in the late war with Mexico are combatted in arrear in consequence of the misapprehension of a clerk by whom they were registered; but they will be brought up for examination in the course of a few days. The number of applications for bounty land under the Act of 1850, is now upwards of 150,000, and may possibly reach the number of 250,000, as estimated by the Secretary of the Interior.

From this statement of the "Republic," it is evident that the claimants will have to exercise some little patience. The business is only completed till the beginning of December last, seven months ago, and probably 200,000 claimants yet to attend to, is slow work, and a prospect for the last on the list to wait a long time.

SECRETARY CORWIN.—The Dayton Gazette relates the following story of Secretary Corwin:

To a friend of ours who saw him the other day at Lebanon, he gave a most amusing, and, we doubt not, truthful account, of the condition of things in the Treasury Department, when he entered upon the duties of Secretary. The Clerks, he estimates, were *sick*, on an average, about half the time—but it struck him as somewhat remarkable that, much as they were sick, none of them died. The fact was apparent at a glance, that they did very little work for the public, and the inference was irresistible that something must be done for them. Accordingly the Secretary turned physician, and began to prescribe for the invalids. He issued an order that all Clerks who were absent from their desks a certain number of days, say two, on account of sickness, should submit to a proportionate deduction from their respective salaries; and that all who were absent longer, say one week, would be required either to *die or resign!*

The prescription worked like a charm, and in a short time there was not a sick Clerk in the whole department. A [illegible] they are now, Mr. Corwin declares cannot be found anywhere.

A FORTUNATE TURKEY.—The Providence Post tells the following story: "There is on the farm of Mr. Paris Mathewson, in Johnston, a male turkey, who has, the present season, set upon 21 eggs, and hatched 18 of them—having driven his better half from the nest, and taken upon himself all the female cares of domestic life, and spurned all interference from the gentler sex. [illegible] When his turkeyship got his own brood out of the shell, he found that some of the women folks in the old flock had also been at work, and that there were in all sixty-seven young turkeys to be taken care of. All these he has taken care of, and is now a sort of lord mayor of the whole tribe, and knocks down all the interloping old ladies that come into his presence. He is a queer old fellow, and a good one into the bargain."

SINGULAR DEATH.—R. P. Andrews, Esq., an eminent lawyer, of Alexandria, Virginia, two or three evenings since, slapped, with the back of his hand, his servant boy on the mouth; one of the teeth wounded the hand between two of his knuckles, and, strange to say, from the effects of the wound, Mr. Andrews died last night.—*Exchange Paper.*

ECLIPSE THIS MONTH.—On the morning of the 28th inst., there will be an eclipse of the sun, on its Northern limb, which will be visible more or less throughout the United States, with the exception of the Southern part of Florida. It will be seen as follows:—Philadelphia, begins 7h. 20m.; greatest obscuration, 8h. 15m.; magnitude, 3 12 digits.

[illegible] in Maine and New Hampshire have publicly endorsed the remedy of Mr. [illegible], of Lowell, of sprinkling slacked lime upon potato vines, to kill the insect which causes the rot. It is stated that the [illegible] have appeared earlier this season than [illegible] year.

POLITICAL NEWS.

W. R. KING.—Mr. King, United States Senator from Alabama, has come out decidedly against the Compromise. [illegible] with the Union party.

THE TWO BIGLERS.—[illegible] John Bigler, the Democratic candidate for Governor of California, is the brother of Col. Wm. Bigler, the Democratic candidate for the same office in Pennsylvania. [illegible]

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Resolutions in favor of the Compromise, and pledging the State to sustain the President in carrying it out, have passed the New Hampshire Senate by 10 to 2, and the House by 153 to 65.

The New Hampshire House of Assembly passed finally, on the 1st instant, the $500 Homestead Exemption Bill, previously adopted by the Senate.

GENERAL SCOTT AND THE WHIG PARTY.—General Scott has now been nominated for the Presidency by Whig State Conventions in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Indiana, and by public meetings and papers in several other States. Every Whig paper in Maine, the Skowhegan paper excepted, favors Scott's nomination.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Governor Wood, of Ohio, is endeavoring to effect the adoption, by all the States, of a uniform Thanksgiving Day. The day selected is the last Thursday in November.

SUBJECT FREE.—The new Senator from New York, [illegible]

FORT MOULTRIE CELEBRATION.—At the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Fort Moultrie, at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 3rd instant, the following appear among the volunteer sentiments offered on the occasion:—

"President Fillmore—May he be the next Mayor of Boston."

"South Carolina—We honor her, we love her, we acknowledge no other sovereign."

"The Union—[illegible]"

"The Constitution—A bottle of [illegible], and a violation of the Constitution. Resistance is all that is left to freemen."

"By Lieutenant W. G. Vardell—The echoes of Fort Moultrie to the Moultrie Guards—It but serves to recall to our minds the humiliating position Carolina occupies in this Union."

"By H. Pinckney—'Our injuries must be redressed—not by our Legislature or Conventions—but by ourselves, as citizens and citizen soldiers.'"

By H. R. Masyck—The glorious Union of Yankee blood and Carolina steel.

By E. W. Perry, one of the Marshals—Fort Moultrie—Ours in '76; ours again in '52.

By H. Pinckney—The present corrupt Government—If it prove a Gordian knot, and cannot be untied, we will cut it with our swords.

By A. E. Hertz, one of the Committee—The Submissionist of '51, like the Tories of '76, must be driven from amongst us.

By Richard Roper—Fort Moultrie and the United States Army—The bulwark of our Freedom is perverted to shelter our oppressors.

By James A. Black—A Republic of the South if possible, if not, the Republic of South Carolina.

By Lt. Col. William Wallace—The integrity of South Carolina: May our State speedily take such action as will drive from her forts a foreign foe, and her soil those "best citizens" who would fly their country at the approach of danger.

By Gen. J. W. Cantey—South Carolina: Separate action, if co-operation cannot be obtained. Quitman or Davis the first President of the Southern Confederacy.

By Col. Henry Wigfall—The battle of Fort Moultrie, to be won again by South Carolina in 1852.

By a Guest—May the Carolina blood shed upon the soil of Mexico to gain gold for the North, be redeemed, gallon for gill, to enrich the section impoverished by taxation.

By J. S. Boone, one of the Committee—Southern eloquence—May its next and mightiest effort be upon the battle-field; and its tones those of the deep mouthed cannon, and the cutting tongue of the sword.

The 4th of July: We meet not to rejoice in the possession of liberty and equality, but to revive the spirit of a glorious ancestry, and reconstruct the edifice of constitutional liberty.

The Union: The North values it for power and plunder. The South is the victim.

The Institution of Slavery, the conservative feature of Republican Government: History furnishes no instance of a lasting republic where it did not exist.

By A. S. Johnson—South Carolina: For seventy-five years, under the flag of the Union, she has been winning liberty and land, glory and gold, to be plundered from her by her faithless partners. When she next sails upon her own to shed their blood, may it be for her own bounds, under the banner of the Southern Confederacy.

During the evening, the following song was sung:

SONG OF THE MOULTRIE GUARDS.

The war drums are beating, prepare for the fight;
The stern bigot Northman exults in his might;
Gird on your bright armor, your foemen are nigh;
And this be your watchword,—"We conquer or die!"

The trumpet is sounding from mountain to shore;
Your swords and your lances must slumber no more;
Fling forth to the sunlight your banners on high,
Inscribed with the watchword,—"We conquer or die!"

March on to the field, then, to do and to dare,
With shoulder to shoulder all dangers to share;
And let your proud watchword ring up to the sky,
Till the blue arch re-echoes,—"We conquer or die!"

Pass forward, undaunted, nor think of retreat,
The enemy's host on the threshold to meet;
Strike firm, till the foeman before you shall fly,
Appalled by your watchword,—"We conquer or die!"

Go forth, in the pathway our forefathers trod,
We, too, fight for freedom—our Captain is God!
Their blood in our veins, with their honors we vie—
Theirs, too, was the watchword,—"We conquer or die!"

We strike for the South, mountain, valley, and plain;
For the South we will conquer again and again;
Her day of salvation and triumph is nigh—
Ours, then, be the watchword,—"We conquer or die!"

The only flag displayed on the occasion, was the Palmetto, the State emblem of South Carolina. This flag was adorned with one solitary star. Sanguinary young men, those, of Charleston!

GOING, GOING, GONE.—This phrase, so familiar to attendants at auction, has passed out of use in many cases. At a recent sale, the auctioneer first exhibited to the audience a sand-glass, through which the sand occupied fourteen seconds in passing. If a person bid, the glass was held up in view of all, and if no person advanced on the bid before the sand had passed through, the sale was made. This plan dispensed with the everlasting "going—going—gone," that is the general accompaniment of an auction. The idea is novel here, though it has long been practised in Europe.

"SAN FRANCISCO REBUILT."—A San Francisco correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, thus disposes of the story that the burnt district has been rebuilt:

You will notice that our city papers talk loudly of the improvements now going on, and speak of the city "rising like a Phoenix from the ashes;" this is all very pretty language, and may have some effect in the States, but I regret that it is not yet true. The buildings now going up are mere shanties, similar to those in use twenty months ago, being, for the most part, of from fifteen and twenty to thirty and forty feet, and of the cheapest kind at that.

LORD BROUGHAM AND "CHURCH OF ROME CELEBRITY."—A somewhat singular return has just been printed by order of the House of Lords, on the motion of Lord Brougham, showing for twenty years the great advantage which it is stated has resulted from the costs treated by the Commissioners of the Courts of Reconcilement in Denmark. It will be sufficient to give the result of the last year in the return—1848. In that year 24,635 cases were undertaken, 16,068 were adjusted or stopped, 255 were postponed, 6,255 were referred to the law courts, and 2,071 were tried.

THE MECHANICS OF VIRGINIA.—An address has been put forth by the Mechanics' Association of Portsmouth, Va., to the mechanics of the State, calling upon them to organize, in order to vindicate their rights, and put an end to the practice of teaching slaves mechanical trades.—It seems that the owners of negroes are, to a considerable extent, in the habit of bringing them up as carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, &c., and that the white mechanics feel themselves degraded by this competition, at the same time that it threatens more and more to depress their wages.

CHOLERA CURE.—Captain Symes, of the Silas Wright, commends the following prescription in case of cholera, and we have it from a gentleman who administered it to thirty victims of the epidemic that it proved infallible in every instance. Here it is:—a tablespoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of red pepper in a half pint of hot water. Extremely simple, but perhaps worthy a trial.—*Cairo Sun.*

SOUTH [illegible] GAME.—Hayden, Morris, and the others, have been bound over to appear at the September term.

SIMILAR ROBBERY IN A SCHOOL.—[illegible]

[illegible]—*Cattaraugus Transcript.*

A VETERAN LADY.—We find in the Boston Traveller, the following account of a lady of Vermont, named Fletcher, who has within a few days been on a visit to some of her descendants in Boston:

"She is over 80 years of age, and is so much better able to sustain the fatigues of a long journey than some of her children and children's children, that, compared as they now are by a distance of a hundred and fifty miles or more—she, rather than they, assumes the burden of journeying to fulfil the duties of family affection. Mrs. Fletcher, as we are informed, was married at the age of 19, lived with her husband 55 years, and reared a family of 13 children. She has always done her own housework, including the care of her numerous family, and the labor incident to a small farm; [illegible] of butter and 400 pounds of cheese. It is obvious that her cares and toils have been a wholesome exercise to her rather than a worrying and wearing drudgery; for now, almost a centenarian, she bears marks of the freshness of health, and not one in a hundred ladies of 25 years of age can vie with her in comeliness and gracefulness of form. In coming from Vermont, she travelled 127 miles in one day, without any special fatigue."

UNPATENTED LANDS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Surveyor-General gives the following important notice to "All persons in possession of, or owning Unpatented Lands within this Commonwealth, that the Act of Assembly, passed the 10th day of April, 1835, entitled 'An Act to Graduate Lands on which Money is Due and Unpaid to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,' and which Act has been extended from time to time by supplementary laws, *will expire on the 1st day of December next;* after which time, no abatement can be made of any interest which may have accrued upon the original purchase money. It will therefore be highly important to those interested to secure their patents, and the benefits of the said Act and its supplements, during the time the same will continue in force."—*Pittsburg Post.*

CATHOLIC CHURCH CASE.—Judge Kennedy, of New Orleans, has directed the Sheriff to take possession of the Trinity Catholic Church, and to hold it until the right of possession between Bishop Blanc and Priest Guidoroszki can be decided by a court of law.

The Bishop has appointed a successor to the Priest, and he refused to give up the possession of the church—a refusal in which he is sustained by the whole congregation. This matter has caused no little excitement among the Catholic community of the Crescent City. The church, since the trial, has been destroyed by fire—supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

EARTHQUAKE IN ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Republican says that the shock of an earthquake was felt in that city on the 2nd instant, at ten o'clock, A. M. There were three distinct shocks, the whole occurring in about one minute. A friend who noted the occurrence, says that the motion was undulating, or wave-like, and appeared to proceed from the South-West. The second shock was decidedly the strongest, the first and third being about equal to each other. None of them were accompanied with any perceptible sound.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—A gentleman informs the editor of the Boston Commonwealth that on a visit to Bangor, a few weeks since, he observed upon the back of the bill of fare, at the Bangor House, where he stopped, a list of liquors, with the prices of each carefully set down. On a more recent visit to the same house, upon taking up the bill of fare at dinner, instead of the list of liquors, he found printed upon the back of the bill the new liquor law of the State, in full!

TONGUE SCIENCE.—In a trial for libel, at Lowell, it was decided by the Supreme Court that a man cannot be made to pay exemplary damages or smart money for the freedom of his wife's tongue, and can suffer only for actual damages to the party injured. It was a case of Austin and wife *versus* Wilson and wife, and the former obtained $30 damages. A similar ruling was previously made in the Court of Common Pleas.

THE ALBERTI KIDNAPPING CASE.—Attorney General Brent has gone to Philadelphia to contest, before the Supreme Court, on a writ of error the constitutionality of the verdict against George Alberti, for kidnapping, in having arrested, and returned to Maryland, a runaway slave. He goes under a resolution of the Reform Convention. The State of Maryland is to pay all expenses.—*Telegraphic Report.*

COOL.—At the Jenny Lind concert at Hartford, a police officer was sent into the church during the performance, by the mob, and made a proposition that the rioters had consented to keep quiet, if Jenny would show herself before them. In addition to other annoyances, seats were fitted up on the roofs of houses and sheds adjoining the church, by the owners thereof, and sold at 50 cts. to $1 each.

NOT FIRE PROOF.—The San Francisco Herald says that, at the recent fire in that city, the articles of iron houses and Roman cement proved utterly useless as a protection against fire. The iron buildings proved to be anything else than fire-proof, and the cement crumbled away in the brick walls, which yielded to the fire, so as to prove it utterly unreliable when exposed to heat.

COLORED MECHANICS.—A Mechanics' State Convention was held at Atalanta, Georgia, on the 4th instant, at which about 500 delegates were in attendance. The Report then adopted asserts that "the employment of negroes in the mechanic arts, is a policy of very questionable propriety in the South."

REGISTERING OF BIRTHS, &C.—We learn that the bill passed last winter, for the registering of births, marriages, and deaths, is not yet signed by Governor Johnston, and therefore the said registering did not begin on the first of July, as specified in said bill.

NORTH CAROLINA MANUFACTURES.—The Editor of the Macon (Georgia) Messenger has been shown some specimens of Cassimeres manufactured in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina. They are represented as equal to any imported.

DEATH OF DR. FINCH.—It is reported that Dr. Abel Finch, one of the Michigan Railroad conspirators has been found dead in his cell, from the effects of poison, taken voluntarily, or administered by others. The former, most probably.

MORMONS ACQUITTED.—Strang and the other Michigan Mormons have been acquitted on the charge of obstructing the U. S. Mails. The jury were out only a few minutes.

☞ QUEER VERDICT.—A Western jury, holding an inquest over a man who died in prison, returned the following queer verdict: "The way of the transgressor is hard, and he died from natural causes."

☞ I hear, as from an official source, that there are now three thousand Americans in Paris, most of them residing here for months, if not for years. It gives me pleasure to state that, contrary to what I have often heard of the bearing of our countrymen in Europe, a large majority of them, so far as I may judge from meeting a good many, and learning the sentiments of more, are warmly and openly on the side of the Republic, and opposed to the machinations of the motley host who seek its overthrow.—*Greeley's Letters.*

☞ During one hot day last week, our Tom perpetrated the following, which is considered very good for the season: Falling with the heat, said he, "This is a day when a man feels like diving upon springs and wanting pumps!"—*Carpet Bag.*

☞ A TEMPERANCE CHURCH.—Dr. Tyng, of New York, at a recent Anniversary, said that of the six hundred members of his church, he did not know a *single person* who either drank liquor, or offered it to others. And he never saw, in any of their dwellings, any of the paraphernalia of drinking.

CULTIVATION OF TEA.

A correspondent of the [illegible] has written a long article for that paper, in which he endeavors to show the policy of cultivating tea, indigo and date trees in South Carolina. [illegible]

[illegible] 21 per cent. [illegible] of 61 per cent. (?) He then proceeds to suggest a remedy in the cultivation of tea, indigo, dates, and sugar.

I will show you, gentlemen, the comparatively little labor Tea cultivation requires at your hands.

First year—Place the seeds four inches apart in drills, keep the beds watered and weeded.

Second year—Transplant into fresh land, shading the beds with corn—hoe the ground once, hiding the large trees.

Third year—Hoe the ground once—and the same.

Fourth year—Labor of Tea making.—A woman can pick sixty pounds of green leaf. A woman or man can manufacture three into fifteen pounds of dried Tea. The average on good Tea lands is 500 pounds of best kinds of Black Tea.

Expense of Manufacturing.

A woman's wages, say, per diem,		—
Charcoal and firewood [illegible]	15 lbs.	[illegible]
Packages, &c., 1 cent per lb.,		—
Wages of a man, for a day,		—

But if machinery, this last item disappears.—The above statement is for the making of 15 pounds of best Black Tea.

Tea trees will last 20 to 30 years.

I propose Tea, Indigo and Date trees, &c. I do not propose that these should displace Cotton and Rice; by no means. All I propose is, that you should give of 500 [illegible] acres of your [illegible] to a little, a very little [illegible] of that wealth. They come to you clothing, [illegible] they will be your dearest friends; they will clear the poor; they will employ the laborer; they will freight your railroads and your ships. Let no one burden his heart against them.

Clippings.

THE EAGLE OF AMERICA
That flies across the seas,
An' throttles the bloody British lion
Ere stamp upon his nose;
Say!—shall we rent him fur from his
Wing was wing was way—wha [illegible],
And every supports [illegible]
A [illegible] at the other?

☞ All great questions have been settled by men in earnest—by men who have bound a principle about their hearts which they come to regard as a "part and parcel" of their being.—Little, piddling, temporizing policy, never yet conferred a lasting benefit upon the world.

☞ The New Hampshire Liquor Law prohibits the collection of all liquor debts due by the citizens of the State to the citizens of other States.

☞ To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you do; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; hate the country; adore Paris; neglect your children, and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you get a new shawl to show the Lord, and die without fear whenever the physician makes out your warrant.

☞ The Americans at the World's Fair will take, it is said, as many first class premiums, in proportion to the contributions they send, as any other nation represented at the Crystal Palace. We should infer as much from the tirades daily indulged by the London Times against American manufactures. There must be something good which claims so much notice, even if the notice be abusive in its character.

☞ "Extremes meet," is a proverb which finds an odd illustration in the recent action of the English Parliament and the California Legislature. These two bodies, which may be considered as lying at the extremes of civilization, both adjourned lately, for reasons of like nature and importance—the first to attend the Derby Races, and the latter to witness a bull and bear fight.

☞ Counterfeit three-cent pieces are in circulation in Louisville, Ky.

☞ We saw a package by the last steamer at Boston, (on Thursday) from Sweden, intended for the "Nightingale," addressed to "*Mademoiselle Jenny Lindskrog,*" which, we learn, is the fair songstress's *whole* name. We don't blame her for dropping the "skrog" part of it, during her travels!

☞ "Margery, what did you do with that tallow Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?"

"Please, marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it."

"Lucky you did, Miss; I thought you had wasted it."

☞ It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle; for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace, and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.—*Thomas-a-Kempis.*

☞ Father Mathew has converted an eminent brewer of Cincinnati to temperance principles.—He has closed his establishment, discharged his hands, and will neither drink himself nor brew any more beer for others to guzzle.

☞ Growing fungi, so soft that they can be crushed between the finger and thumb, have been known to lift out of the ground flagstones which a strong man could not move without a lever.

☞ A Tennessee candidate recently withdrew his name, because his election would be "repugnant to his wife's feelings." The right sort of a man, that.

☞ Those who pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," and yet are implacable, pray to be damned.

☞ The Cincinnati Nonpareil speaks of one Giles Woodie, in that city, who is worth $300,000, and never took a newspaper. He wears but one suspender, and was never known to have but one button on his coat. He has left directions with the undertaker to use nails instead of screws in his coffin, they are so much cheaper.

☞ An aged Quakeress, the other afternoon, says a London paper, was seen intently gazing upon a piece of brocaded silk, displayed in a linen-draper's shop in Fleet street. A passer-by observed that it was *Satin tempting Eve.*

☞ JENNY LIND.—The Northampton (Mass.) Gazette remarks that Jenny stated, when on her visit to that place, that she intends to return to Europe in August. Another account says she intends to spend some time at Newport.

☞ Old Dominie L*****g, of the Dutch Church, celebrated for his goodness and his homely originality, on an excessively hot summer Sabbath, when announcing his text, read off four verses, and said:—This is the foundation of the first head of my discourse; after reading four more, he said, This is the ground of the second head of my discourse; and reading another four, he continued, This is the foundation of the third head of my discourse. Then stepping back and pulling off his warm cloth coat, he hung it on the side of the pulpit, and, conspicuous in his white linen sleeves, he began:—"Now, brethren, depend upon it we have got a job before us."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

[illegible]

☞ [illegible] in Scotland [illegible]—the present season, [illegible] the good news of [illegible]. [illegible] and its sure [illegible], and in due [illegible] the Post, with new plenty [illegible] purchasers at [illegible] Post.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jesse Taylor, Frank Locke, W. Ramsey, Dr. Rankin Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, R. E. Greene, C. R. Bristow, Thomas Pattison and C. M. L. Wiseman.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by *D. R. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Hill Willington, E. A. Evans, John T. Jenkins, P. Locke, Jas. Barton, Geo. P. Barton, and Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

JUSTUS WHITE, collects for us in New York, assisted by *Marion B. Lagell.*

JOHN MAJOR will receive new subscriptions in Missouri and Illinois.

E. R. SIMONTON will receive new subscriptions in Maine.

A. PEASE *collects for us in the New England States.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., New York*
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULEMENT, *Mobile, Ala*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore, Md.*
Of SAFFORD & PARK, *Norwich, Conn.*
Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth Street, and 20 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*
Of EDWARDS & RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.*
Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

Local News.

THE ORION AND BIANCA.—A subscriber has furnished us with the following account of the great race, for the purse of $2,500, between the Orion, a Philadelphia yacht, and the Bianca, of New York.

On Monday, June 30th, the Bianca started from this city, at 17 minutes past 2 o'clock, P. M., the Bianca leading in fine style, with the wind South-West. At Chester the Bianca was 14 minutes ahead, and at half a mile below, in a heavy squall from the Westward, she was compelled to settle away and reef the Orion at the same time running through it with all her canvass set, thus gaining more than half the distance she had fallen behind. After the squall had passed over and leaving the wind light and free, the Bianca again led away. At 5½ P. M., the flood tide met them, the B. taking the Eastern channel, and the Orion anchoring in the Western below Deep Water Point. At 11½ P. M., another squall came up from the North West, accompanied with thunder, lightning and rain, at which time the Orion got under way again with full sail, and kept on her course with much difficulty, so far as Goose Island. At this point the squall subsided, and the wind having lulled, the Orion again cast anchor, not having seen the Bianca since nightfall. Whilst lying at anchor, watching the wind and tide, one of the crew of the Orion spied a sail searching in towards them: Capt. Kelly, of the O. immediately ordered his men and to hail as it might be the Bianca and he did not wish the B. to be informed of his whereabouts. The sail proved to be the Bianca, and she came so near that the crew of her antagonist could hear what was said on her decks.

The tide still fixed, but the wind becoming up from the South, the Orion got under way again and proceeded on her course down, leaving the mars of the Bianca, till the O. reached Reedy Island at 3½ P. M., on Tuesday. The Orion continuing on her course, rounded the Island over the bar at great risk, about six minutes ahead of the Bianca, and then squared away for the starting point.

At break of day the Bianca was seen about a mile and a half astern. Both yachts were at this time steering for Reedy Point, then for the Port Penn and afterwards for Christiana Bar. At this point the wind headed to the Westward, giving the Orion great advantage over her competitor, whom she soon left astern, which lead the O. succeeded in retaining till she arrived at the head of Tinicum Island. She was then becalmed. The Bianca meanwhile carried the breeze till within two miles of the Orion, when the latter again led off, beating the Bianca 6½ minutes, and thus winning the greatest race known on the Delaware.—*Pennsylvanian.*

THE STRIKE AT GLOUCESTER.—The late strike at Gloucester, among the operatives of the cotton mills at that place, has caused considerable sensation, not only among the citizens of that city, but also of Camden. The cause of this strike on the part of the operatives, a the resistance offered by their employers to the "Ten Hour Law," recently passed by the Legislature of New Jersey. This law went into operation on the 4th instant, but on the 5th, the company owning the mills still persisted in the old system, and ran the works over ten hours.

On Monday the operatives refused to go to work under the "long hour's rule," and insisted upon the observance of the law. The company as resolutely refused to comply with this demand, and, the operatives resolved on a strike in vindication of the law. In consequence of this action, the keepers of the boarding houses owned by the company, refused the operatives further entertainment, and notice was given by some one to the storekeepers, not to sell them anything more on credit, as they would have no means of paying. As a result of these proceedings and measures, a number of the operatives were turned out of doors, and obliged to seek shelter and sustenance in the neighborhood, as they best could. Efforts were made, and we believe successfully, to send a quantity of food down to them from this city.

It is alleged, on the part of the company, that they cannot maintain themselves under the "Ten Hour Law," in consequence of the competition of Eastern manufacturers, who run their mills fourteen hours a-day.

SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE.—The laying of the corner-stone of this institution, to be erected at the corner of Broad and Spring Garden Streets, was attended with ceremonies of a very interesting character.

The proceedings were opened by an eloquent prayer from Bishop Potter. The Governor of the Commonwealth was then introduced and made some excellent remarks. He was followed by Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Hon. Henry D. Moore and Hon. Charles Brown.

The addresses of those gentlemen were very appropriate, containing many suggestions of a practical character in regard to the objects of the institution. A large number of persons were present, a majority of whom were young men, who seemed to take a lively interest in the efforts which have been begun for their intellectual improvement.

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.—On Friday evening week, Miss Elizabeth Spragel, while riding in an omnibus of the South Fourth Street line, had a new silk dress completely ruined, by a German, who, sitting beside her, maliciously cut it with his knife in many places, without her knowledge. It was fortunately discovered soon after, and on the man being accused of the act he threw his knife out of the window. The omnibus was stopped, and one of the passengers going back a short distance, recovered the knife. The German was then arrested by the passengers, and taken before Alderman Izard. The prisoner gave his name as Christian Brill, and acknowledged cutting the dress. He was committed to prison in default of $300 bail. Subsequently he obtained the bail; but, previous to his liberation, was forced to pay the value of the dress, $18.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—An intelligent lad, about twelve years of age, named Henry Ford Gwilliams, left the home of his uncle, John Gwilliams, at Southwark, on the morning of June 26th, for the purpose of assisting him in serving the *Ledger*. Since that time he has not been seen nor heard from, and the family are much distressed for the safety of the boy. Any information concerning him will be most gratefully received by his afflicted mother or friends, residing in Lombard Street, below Perry.

THE NEW DEPOT.—The walls of the immense depot of the Philadelphia, Norristown and Germantown Railroad Company, at Ninth and Green Streets, have reached their height, and the work of laying the rafters for the support of the roof has been commenced. The length of these rafters is 130 feet each. The whole structure, which is one of the largest of the kind in the country, will be fully completed and occupied during the present season.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The morning line of cars for Baltimore now leave the depot, Eleventh and Market Streets, at a quarter after instead of half past 8 o'clock, as heretofore. The time occupied between the two cities is now materially lessened by the locomotive taking hold of the train at Broad and Prime Streets, the site of the future depot and workshops of the company. The locomotives have been passing over the bridge at Gray's Ferry for several days.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. McCathan, of Port Carbon, had his arm broken on Monday afternoon week, on the Reading Railroad below Pottstown, by incautiously putting his arm out of the window of the car, by which it came in contact with a passing train. The windows are all guarded with bars to prevent such accidents, but the sufferer in this instance had his elbow between the bars. He had the limb set at Phoenixville.

UNEXPECTED GENEROSITY.—The workmen in the employ of Messrs. A. Whitney & Sons, iron founders, were paid by the firm for the 4th and 5th of July, which, with other holidays, they kept to holidays. In coming with them for the week they were surprised upon receiving their full wages, which they regard as an exhibition of generosity worthy of the highest commendation.

SNAKE.—A shark, measuring seven feet long, was caught a short distance below Red Bank, by a party of fishermen, on Thursday afternoon week.

STATE OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was [illegible]—adults [illegible], and children 176.

CITY FOOD MARKETS, JULY 18.

ASHES—[illegible] with sales of 75 barrels at $6.12½ for Pots, and $5.00 for Pearls.

COTTON—There is no material change, and the sales are only 500 bales.

FLOUR, MEAL, &c.—Flour there is a pretty good export demand, and with a limited supply of shipping brands, the market closes firmer; sales of 7,500 bbls at $4.12½a4.25 for Michigan; $4.12½a4.25 for State; $4.31¼a4.37½ for Ohio; and $4.37½a4.62½ for pure Genesee. Of Canadian there were 1,000 bbls sold at $4.25a4.37½ for the Provinces. Southern Flour is steady, with sales of 1,000 bbls at $4.12½ for fine, and $4.75a4.87½ for superfine. Rye Flour is more active, and sales of 600 bbls were made for export at our quotations. Corn Meal is quiet.

GRAIN—There is a fair business doing in Wheat, but at rather lower prices. Sales of 4,000 bushels of Michigan at $1.00, 2,000 good Genesee at $1.05 and 2,000 red Southern do at 95c. Rye is offered for sale at 6[illegible]c. For Corn there is a good demand, and with a limited supply of round prices; the market is firmer; sales of 24,000 bushels at 62a63c for white Northern, 63 do the yellow do, 60a61c for Western mixed, 50a55c for damaged, 48 and 43a45c for damaged. Oats are dull for Northern.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is easier, with sales of 600 bbls at $14.62a14.75 for new mess, and $12.50 for prime. Beef is unchanged, and the sales are 100 bbls. Cut Meats are dull at former rates. Lard is heavy—sales of 150 bbls, at [illegible].

WHISKEY.—A quiet market with sales of 150 bbls at 22a22½c.

FREIGHTS—Are brisk, with engagements of Flour at 1s. 4½d a 1s. 6d., and Wheat and Corn at 5d—all for Liverpool.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS occur more frequently during the Summer months than at any other period, because at this season the system being exhausted digestion is not sufficiently active to dispose of the food before it becomes putrified; hence a peculiar acid is generated in the stomach which is the cause of those horrid diseases called dysentery, cholera morbus, inflammation of the bowels, &c. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a natural remedy, and therefore a certain cure for bowel complaints; because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of those putrid humors which are the cause of the above distressing complaints. Consequently, as they remove the cause of every form of disease, it is impossible for them to fail in making a perfect cure.

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Wholesale Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

July 1851.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
19 Saturday	4 46	7 14	6 49	
20 Sunday	4 46	7 14	7 32	
21 Monday	4 47	7 13	8 3	
22 Tuesday	4 48	7 12	8 42	
23 Wed'day	4 48	7 12	9 22	First 5 [illegible]
24 Thursday	4 49	7 11	10 21	Full 13 [illegible]
25 Friday	4 50	7 10	11 17	Last 21 [illegible]
26 Saturday	4 51	7 9	12 18	New 28 [illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July	6,	74	84	87
	7,	78	87	87
	8,	75	79	78
	9,	77	87	91
	10,	77	91	92
	11,	76	89	92
	12,	75	81	80

Marriages.

On Thursday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. ELISHA P. HELME, to Miss JOANNA KERR, all of this city.

On the same evening, by the same, Mr. HENRY C. LORE, of Newport, N. J. to Miss MARY ANN LORE, of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. JOHN PFEFFER, to Miss ALICE MURRAY, all of Philadelphia.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. J. N. Work, JOSEPH S. GILLESPIE, to Miss EMMA ROBINSON, all of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Coleman, Mr. WILLIAM J. DOUGHTY, to Miss HELEN M. BARTON.

On the 1st inst. at Trinity Church, N. Y. by the Rev. Dr. Berryman, THOMAS M. SNAPE, of this city to Miss E. VIRGINIA CATANNA, of N. York.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. I. T. Cooper, Mr. GEORGE M. MCMINN, of Delaware City, to Miss VIRGINIA FENWICK, of Washington City.

On the 6th inst. at Mecosonico' Grove, Pa. by the Rev. J. S. Cook, Mr. JOHN R. FOSSET, to Miss SARAH S. WIGHTMAN, both of Kensington.

On the 3d inst. at the Roxborough Baptist Parsonage, by the Rev. Thomas Winter, Mr. HENRY DILL, to Miss HANNAH M. SMITH, both of Manayunk.

On the 9d inst. by Henry J. Horn, Mr. FRED'K H. LOW, to Miss MARGARET E. MATHER, all of Manayunk, Pa.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. George B. Ide, D. D., WILLIAM D. SEVERE, of Harrisburg, to LIZZIE E. daughter of Fred'k Lobrande, of Spring Garden.

At Newark, N. J. on the 30th ult. by the Rev. G. Beecher, Mr. ROBERT M. COLEMAN, of Philadelphia, to Miss LAVINIA A. THOMAS, daughter of Joseph H. Thomas, Esq. of the former place.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, JOHN CECIL, late of England, to MARY, daughter of Mr. Saml. Monson, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. Humphris, Mr. WILLIAM SENNETT, to Miss SARAH A. PRUITT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. H. Malcom, D. D. Mr. THOMAS M. ROWLAND, to Miss MARTHA A. GREEN, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by Ald. Wm. P. Hibbard, ADAM YOUNG, to ELIZABETH SHARP, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. T. W. EVANS, to Miss EDITH A. SLOAN, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. LEWIS RASTIMER, to Mrs. ELIZABETH FULLERTON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, to Miss SARAH MCDONALD, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. G. F. Kettell, WM. H. JOHNSON, Jr. to MARY FRANCES, daughter of John J. Abrahams, Esq. of Baltimore.

Deaths.

On the 10th inst. Mr. DAVID WILLIAMSON, aged 67.

On the 9th inst. WILLIAM R. son of Abram H. and Sarah W. Raignel, aged 21 months.

On the 9th inst. CATHARINE HALFFELFINGER, aged 83 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. EBENEZER TODD, aged 67.

On the 8th inst. at Montgomeryville, Montgomery county, Pa., WM. STEINMETZ, aged 71 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARY WALRAVEN, aged 66.

On the 9th inst. Rev. ALSTON GIBBES, aged 59.

At Como, Ill. on the 21st ult Col. GEORGE WEEKS, formerly of Kinderhook, Northampton co. Pa.

On the 10th inst. REBECCA KNIGHT, daughter of J. H. and Martha W. Stevenson, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 8th inst. SARAH HANLEY, aged 27 years.

On the 8th inst. EDWIN P. PRICE, aged 36 years.

On the 9th inst. Dr. JONATHAN EVANS, aged 56.

On the 9th inst. MARY, daughter of Chas. and Priscilla Townsend.

On the 9th inst. SAMUEL M. ROSS.

On the 9th inst. Mr. BARTHOLOMEW HART, aged 48 years.

On the 9th inst. MARY MILLIMAN, aged 91 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. JAMES MCCURDY, aged 35.

On the 9th inst. MARY A. ARMSTRONG, aged 5 mos.

On the 9th inst. MARY, daughter of Jas. and Catharine Warren, aged 16 months.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of G. P. Williamson, aged 36 years.

On the 9th inst. ELIZABETH BLACK, aged 4 years and 10 months.

On the 9th inst. WM. EDWIN, son of Danl. and Ann Weckerly, aged 9 years and 9 months.

On the 9th inst. HUGH MCCLOSKEY, aged 13 mos.

On the 9th inst. ELLEN R. DONNAN, aged 67.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. SOPHIA URSE, aged 76.

On the 9th inst. JOSEPH, son of Wm. and Elizabeth Hackett, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. EDITHA FOX, aged 43 years and 8 months.

On the 8th inst. WM. JEFFRIES, aged 43 years.

On the 9th inst. GEORGE W. son of Israel and M. A. Supplee.

On the 9th inst. MARGARET, daughter of John and Bridget Doyle, aged 17 months.

On the 9th inst. JOSEPH D. son of Jos. D. and Caroline Williamson, aged 11 months.

On the 9th inst. EUGENE R. son of Moses and Catharine Graham, aged 11 days.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 20 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 19, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**CONNECTICUT.**	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
U S bank notes	13 dis	**MASSACHUSETTS.**	
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
York	½ dis	Pawtucket bk	failed
Berks county	no sale	Dorchester and [illegible]	
Gettysburg	½ dis	notes	no sale
Carlisle	½ dis	**RHODE ISLAND.**	
Lewistown	no sale	All solvent banks	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis	Phenix bk, Westerly	
Pittsburg	½ dis	notes	no sale
Waynesburg	½ dis	**CANADA.**	
Washington	½ dis	Montreal	2½ dis
Erie	1½ dis	**VIRGINIA.**	
Susquehanna co bk	[illegible]	Bk of Valley & branches	½ dis
Lebanon	par	Far bk & branches	½ dis
Lehigh county bk	no sale	Valley bk & branch	½ dis
Towanda	no sale	Ex bk & branches	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis	Wheeling	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
West Branch	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Wyoming	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Northampton	no sale	So West R R	1 dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	All solvent banks	1 dis
Pottsville	par	Small notes	1½ dis
Danville	par	**GEORGIA.**	
Relief notes	[illegible] dis	Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Trenton, Mt Holly,		Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Bridgeton, Salem,		Ruckersville bkg co	—
Camden, Medford,	par	All solvent banks	1 dis
Plainfield	closed	Small notes	1½ dis
State bk at Morris	failed	**ALABAMA.**	
Newark, Newtown,		Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis	Country banks	3 dis
Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Brun.	½ dis	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed	All banks	uncertain
Yard. Del Bridge co	10 dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
DELAWARE.		All solvent banks	1½ dis
All solvent banks	½ par	**FLORIDA.**	
Del City bk under $5	½ dis	So. Life & Trust Co	—
Other small	½ dis	**OHIO.**	
MARYLAND.		Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Baltimore banks	½ dis	Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Mineral bank	½ dis	Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
Salisbury	uncertain	All solvent bks	1½ dis
Cecil bank	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Cumberland	½ dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
Washington county	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	**INDIANA.**	
Havre-de-Grace	failed	State bank	1½ dis
Far & Millers bk	no sale	Small notes	1½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		**ILLINOIS.**	
All solvent banks	½ dis	Bank of Illinois	60 dis
NEW YORK.		State bank	75 dis
City banks	par a ¼ dis	Bank of Cairo	—
Country banks	½ dis	**MISSOURI.**	
MAINE.		All solvent bks	1½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		All solvent bks	2½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	Bk East Tenn.	25 dis
VERMONT.		**MICHIGAN.**	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis	Bk of St. Clair	no sale
All solvent banks	½ dis	Far's & Mech's	3 dis
		Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
		ARKANSAS.	
		All banks	no sale
		WISCONSIN.	
		Mineral Point	—
		Bank of Milwaukie	—
		IOWA	
		Miners bank	—

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, (eighteen lines,)
first insertion, $0.50
For each subsequent insertion, $1.00
For one square 6 months, $12.00
For one square, a year, $20.00
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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☞ [illegible]
SEARS' AMERICAN
PICTORIAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,
REMOVED to 181 WILLIAM STREET, (near Spruce,) NEW YORK.
BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The subscriber publishes a large number of most valuable Books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a public benefit, and receive a *fair compensation* for their labor.

☞ To young men of enterprise and tact, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with. There is not a town in the Union where a right honest and well disposed person can fail selling from 50 to 200 volumes, according to the population.

They are the same as are to be described in this advertisement. Persons wishing to engage in the sale of them, will receive promptly by mail a circular containing full particulars, with the terms on which they will be furnished, by addressing the Publisher,

ROBERT SEARS,
jy12-3t 181 William street, New York.

☞ Persons residing out of New York, when visiting the city, are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock of BOOKS, and see the LOW PRICES at which they are sold. R. S.

SHANNONDALE SPRINGS,
JEFFERSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

THIS celebrated watering place having been leased for a term of years by the undersigned, was the last season put in complete repair, as to the Cottons, Baths, Bowling Saloon, Boats, &c., and will be again opened for the reception of company on the 16th inst.

They are situated on an eminence on the east bank of the Shenandoah, five miles south of Charlestown, in a healthy and delightful region. The reputation of the water is so well established, that it is deemed scarcely necessary to mention its qualities. It is used far and taken to New York, Charleston, and other distant places. The analysis of the late Dr. De Butts, in 1820, showed the principal fountain, with the saline chalybeate, a combination of the most valuable description, in the whole range of mineral waters, and closely resembling those of the celebrated Bedford, in composition, operation, and efficacy. There is also a highly valuable Sulphur Spring in the vicinity. Apart from the merits of the waters, the surrounding country is remarkable for the sublime and beautiful natural scenery, which is said to surpass Bath and Bristol, in England, and that of Saratoga and Ballston, in New York. They are within eight hours travel from Washington and Baltimore. jy7-4t

Coaches will be in daily attendance at the railroad depot, at Charlestown, to convey passengers to the Springs. The proprietors pledge themselves that their Table and Bar shall compare favorably with those of any watering place in Virginia. They have procured the best Band of Music, and most capable servants that can be found without regard to price.

June 18, 1851. HALL, OSBURN & Co.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.,
No. 129 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
ARE now opening an extensive assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c., which they will dispose of at a very low figure, and guarantee freights and insurance at as low a rate as from any of the Eastern cities. Country merchants will consult their interest by giving us a call. jy21-3m

IN QUART BOTTLES.
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD, AND FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STUBBORN ULCERS, DYSPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

IN THIS PREPARATION WE HAVE all the restorative properties of the root, combined and concentrated in their utmost strength and efficacy. Experiments were made in the manufacture of this medicine until it was found it could not be improved. Accordingly, we find it resorted to almost universally in cases of Scrofula, Liver Diseases, Salt Rheum, General Prostration of the Vital Powers, and all those tormenting diseases of the skin so trying to the patience, and injurious to the health. It is a tonic, aperient and disinfectant. It acts simultaneously upon the stomach, the circulation and the bowels and thus three processes, which are ordinarily the result of three different kinds of medicine, are carried on at the same time through the instrumentality of this one remedial agent. There are many ways of relieving pain for the time being, but there is only one way of removing disease. No palliative, no anodyne, no tropical application will remove it. It must be attacked at its source, in the fluids of the body, which convey the poison to the localities where it is developed in inflammation, sores, ulcers, tumors, abscesses, glandular swellings, &c., as the case may be. These fluids must be reached, acted upon, purified by some powerful agent. Such an agent is Sands' Sarsaparilla, which gently stimulates while it disinfects and expels from the stomach and bowels all that is irritating, and at the same time restores their vigor and tone. In great merit is that it seeks and neutralizes the active principle of disease itself, and when that is gone, the symptoms necessarily disappear. The rapidity with which the patient recovers health and strength under this triple influence is surprising. Each new case in which it is applied furnishes in the result a new certificate of its excellence, and we have only to point to the accumulated testimony of multitudes who have experienced its effects, to convince incredulity itself of its real value.

Lieut. Miller of the Army has kindly sent us the following letter from California:

MONTEREY, Jan. 19, 1850.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen—I beg leave to add my testimony in favor of your invaluable medicine, hoping it may lead some other unfortunate being to try its effects, and that they may be benefited as I have been.

I arrived here from the United States by the overland route, about the first of October last. A few days after I was attacked with a very disagreeable eruption of the skin, which my physician could not cure. I happened to find your Sarsaparilla in a store in this place, and remembering the popularity of the medicine at home I purchased three bottles, which had the desired effect of removing my difficulty entirely. With high regards, yours, &c.,

J. H. MILLER, U. S. A.

FROM THE STATE OF MAINE.

The attention of the reader is called to the following certificate of a remarkable cure effected by using only five bottles of Sands' Sarsaparilla:

SIDNEY, (Maine,) April 15, 1850.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS: Gentlemen—This is to certify that the subscriber, of Sidney, County of Kennebec, State of Maine, has been afflicted more or less ever since my birth, with Scrofula, which continued to increase until last February. In January, my legs were so swollen I could not get on a boot or stocking, and I had several large sores on me all the time. In this situation I was about to give up in despair, when I was advised to try Sands's Sarsaparilla. I had not much faith in it, but I sent to your agents in Augusta, Me., and procured a bottle, which did me so much good, I sent and got another and continued until I had taken five bottles. I am now perfectly well. If any person who may read this letter is afflicted with any disease of Scrofula, I would most sincerely recommend and advise them to make use of Sands's Sarsaparilla. If any person wishes for further information about my case, by calling upon me I can convince them of the healing power of this wonderful medicine. Signed, STEPHEN C HAYWOOD,

Augusta, April 16, 1850.

P. S.—We are personally acquainted with Mr. Haywood, and believe his statement above to be true.

Signed, DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

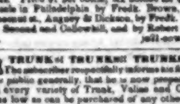
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.

For sale in Philadelphia by Fredk. Brown, Fifth and Chesnut st., Augney & Dickson, by Fredk. Klett, corner Second and Callowhill, and by Robert Shoemaker. jy21-eow4m

TRUNKS! TRUNKS!! TRUNKS!!!—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to furnish every variety of Trunk, Valise and Carpet Bags, as low as can be purchased of any other manufacturer in the city. The attention of merchants and others is solicited to the beautiful assortment now on hand, of his own manufacture, which cannot be surpassed for neatness, durability and workmanship by any other establishment, and which received the premium at the last exhibition of the *Franklin Institute.*

All work done at this establishment warranted to give entire satisfaction. A share of patronage is solicited. SAMUEL W. KENNEDY,

jy14-3m 86 N. Third st., above Arch, west side.



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New York, April 14 1851.

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A physician in extensive practice in Delaware has sent for half a dozen bottles, and says that his father, who has been deaf for a number of years, has been cured by using this Oil, and that he, the Doctor, shall for the future use it in his practice, as he has seen such wonderful benefit accrue from its application.

Read the following from the Philadelphia Public Ledger:—

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is, that it cures you without producing any pain.

This medicine has cured more persons, and is now used more extensively than all other medicines combined, for the cure of Diseases of the Ear! The certificates are numerous, and of the highest authority.

☞ ALSO DOCTOR JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION.—This may be considered a specific, and is warranted to cure. It not only immediately allays pain and inflammation, stops all bleeding, subdues that intolerable itching, but effectually cures, in a very short time, persons whose lives have been rendered miserable for years! Its application produces no pain, but rather an agreeable and pleasant sensation.—Call or send for a list of cures, and you will be astonished. These medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 84 Chesnut St., and Landes & Co., 58 Arch St., Phila. Also, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton St., New York; Carter & Co., Hanover St., Boston; S. S. Hance, Baltimore; Alex. Jaynes, Pittsburg; J. W. Sheppard, and J. D. Parke, Cincinnati; R. & I. [illegible], St. Louis; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Sexton & Co., Norfolk, and by other authorized agents.

jy21-eow12t

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Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, $30 and upwards.

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Table, Desert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.

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ALSO ALL

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fe8 1-1y

I. O. O. F.

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Wit and Humor.

THE WIFE'S NIGHT CAP.

[illegible]

LECTURES ON INDIA,

BY

CALEB WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

[illegible]

NUMBER VII.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE SABBATH EVE.

Sabbath hours! they come and go,
Like the summer streamlets flow,
Bringing to the waste relief,
Beautiful, but oh! too brief;
Sparkling in the golden ray,
Iris colored,—then away!
Yet fertility is seen
Freshest, where the stream hath been.

Sabbath hours! ye come between,
Like an isle's emerald green,
Rising o'er life's stormy sea,
Where its wearied ones may flee:
Catching, from its tide-washed strand,
Visions of their father-land,
Till they deem the soft winds come,
Breathing melodies from home.

May the Sabbath ever be
Harbinger of good to me!
Calling up my soul from earth,—
Fixing it on things of worth.
Swiftly do its cambenate fly
O'er this changing wintry sky:
And in heaven's sabbatic bowers,
I shall praise Thee for these hours.

THE ENGLISH WOMAN.—Vivian, of the *London Leader*, in a criticism of the Exposition, quits the details of description to expatiate in this wise:

[illegible]

NEW TOMB FOR A HORSE.

[illegible]

WHAT THE ENGLISH PEOPLE THINK OF AMERICA.

[illegible]

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

[illegible]

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My first gave us early support.
My next is a virtuous lass.
And if to the fields at eve you resort,
My whole you will probably pass.

Phila. R. R. ELLIS.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

OKRA:

[illegible]

PROFITABLE COW.

[illegible]

The Olio.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

[illegible]